











POEMS.

MEMOIR

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POEMS

BY

JAMES GRAHAME.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING
THE SABBATH, SABBATH WALKS,
RURAL CALENDAR, &c.

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BOOKS

JAMES CLAPHAM

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THE
SABBATH:
A POEM.

*Luce sacra requiescat humus, requiescat arator,
Et grave, suspenso vomere, cesset opus.*

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THE
S A B B A T H.

How still the morning of the hallowed day !
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed
The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yester-morn bloomed waving in the breeze :
Sounds the most faint attract the ear,—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating, midway up the hill.
Calmness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale ;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark

Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

With dove-like wings, Peace o'er yon village broods:
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;
And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.

But chiefly Man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, SABBATH! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
On other days, the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread, lonely; the ground
Both seat and board; screened from the winter's cold,
And summer's heat, by neighbouring hedge or tree;
But on this day, embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares the heart-felt joy
Of giving thanks to God,—not thanks of form,

A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With covered face and upward earnest eye.

Hail, SABBATH! thee I hail, the poor man's day :
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke,
While, wandering slowly up the river side,
He meditates on HIM, whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around its roots; and while he thus surveys,
With elevated joy, each rural charm,
He hopes, yet fears presumption in the hope,
That Heaven may be one SABBATH without end.

But now his steps a welcome sound recalls :
Solemn the knell, from yonder ancient pile,
Fills all the air; inspiring joyful awe :
Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb-paved ground :
The aged man, the bowed down, the blind
Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who breathes
With pain, and eyes the new-made grave, well pleased :
These, mingled with the young, the gay, approach
The house of God; these, spite of all their ills,
A glow of gladness feel; with silent praise
They enter in. A placid stillness reigns,

Until the man of God, worthy the name,
Arise, and read the anointed shepherd's lays.
His locks of snow, his brow serene,—his look
Of love, it speaks, "Ye are my children all,
The gray-haired man, stooping upon his staff,
As well as he, the giddy child, whose eye
Pursues the swallow flitting thwart the dome."
Loud swells the song: O, how that simple song,
Though rudely chaunted, how it melts the heart,
Commingle soul with soul in one full tide
Of praise, of thankfulness, of humble trust!
Next comes the unpremeditated prayer,
Breathed from the inmost heart, in accents low,
But earnest.—Altered is the tone; to man
Are now addressed the sacred speaker's words.
Instruction, admonition, comfort, peace,
Flow from his tongue: O chief let comfort flow!
It is most wanted in this vale of tears:
Yes, make the widow's heart to sing for joy;
The stranger to discern the Almighty's shield
Held o'er his friendless head; the orphan child
Feel, mid his tears, I have a father still!
'Tis done. But hark that infant querulous voice!
Plaint not discordant to a parent's ear:
And see the father raise the white-robed babe
In solemn dedication to the Lord:

The holy man sprinkles with forth-stretched hand
The face of innocence ; then earnest turns,
And prays a blessing in the name of Him,
Who said, *Let little children come to me ;*
*Forbid them not : ** The infant is replaced
Among the happy band : they, smilingly,
In gay attire, wend to the house of mirth,
The poor man's festival, a jubilee day,
Remembered long.—

Nor would I leave unsung
The lofty ritual of our sister land :
In vestment white, the minister of God
Opens the book, and reverentially
The stated portion reads. A pause ensues.
The organ breathes its distant thunder-notes,
Then swells into a diapason full :
The people rising, sing, *With harp, with harp,*

* “ And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them ; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it he was much displeased, and said unto them, suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not ; for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.”
—MARK, x. 13, 14, 15, 16.

And voice of psalms ; harmoniously attuned
The various voices blend ; the long-drawn aisles,
At every close, the lingering strain prolong.
And now the tubes a mellowed stop controuls,
In softer harmony the people join,
While liquid whispers from yon orphan band
Recall the soul from adoration's trance,
And fill the eye with pity's gentle tears.
Again the organ-peal, loud-rolling, meets
The halleluiahs of the choir : Sublime,
A thousand notes symphoniously ascend,
As if the whole were one, suspended high
In air, soaring heavenward : afar they float,
Wafting glad tidings to the sick man's couch :
Raised on his arm, he lists the cadence close,
Yet thinks he hears it still : his heart is cheered ;
He smiles on death ; but, ah ! a wish will rise,—
“ — Would I were now beneath that echoing roof !
No lukewarm accents from my lips should flow ;
My heart would sing ; and many a Sabbath-day
My steps should thither turn ; or, wandering far
In solitary paths, where wild flowers blow,
There would I bless His name who led me forth
From death's dark vale, to walk amid those sweets ;
Who gives the bloom of health once more to glow
Upon this cheek, and lights this languid eye.”

It is not only in the sacred fane
That homage should be paid to the Most High;
There is a temple, one not made with hands,—
The vaulted firmament: Far in the woods,
Almost beyond the sound of city chime,
At intervals heard through the breezeless air;
When not the limberest leaf is seen to move,
Save where the linnet lights upon the spray;
When not a floweret bends its little stalk,
Save where the bee alights upon the bloom;—
There, rapt in gratitude, in joy, and love,
The man of God will pass the Sabbath-noon;
Silence his praise: his disembodied thoughts,
Loosed from the load of words, will high ascend
Beyond the empyrean.—
Nor yet less pleasing at the heavenly throne,
The Sabbath-service of the shepherd-boy.
In some lone glen, where every sound is lulled
To slumber, save the tinkling of the rill,
Or bleat of lamb, or hovering falcon's cry,
Stretched on the sward, he reads of Jesse's son;
Or sheds a tear o'er him to Egypt sold,
And wonders why he weeps; the volume closed,
With thyme-sprig laid between the leaves, he sings
The sacred lays, his weekly lesson, conned
With meikle care beneath the lowly roof,

Where humble lore is learnt, where humble worth
Pines unrewarded by a thankless state.
Thus reading, hymning, all alone, unseen,
The shepherd-boy the Sabbath holy keeps,
Till on the heights he marks the straggling bands
Returning homeward from the house of prayer.
In peace they home resort. O blissful day!
When all men worship God as conscience wills.
Far other times our fathers' grandsires knew,
A virtuous race, to godliness devote.
What though the sceptic's scorn hath dared to soil
The record of their fame! What though the men
Of worldly minds have dared to stigmatize
The sister-cause, Religion and the Law,
With Superstition's name! yet, yet their deeds,
Their constancy in torture, and in death,—
These on tradition's tongue still live, these shall
On history's honest page be pictured bright
To latest times. Perhaps some bard, whose muse
Disdains the servile strain of Fashion's quire,
May celebrate their unambitious names.
With them each day was holy, every hour
They stood prepared to die, a people doomed
To death:—old men, and youths, and simple maids.
With them each day was holy; but that morn
On which the angel said, *See where the Lord*

Was laid, joyous arose ; to die that day
Was bliss. Long ere the dawn, by devious ways,
O'er hills, thro' woods, o'er dreary wastes, they sought
The upland moors, where rivers, there but brooks,
Dispart to different seas : Fast by such brooks,
A little glen is sometimes scooped, a plat
With green sward gay, and flowers that strangers seem
Amid the heathery wild, that all around
Fatigues the eye : in solitudes like these
Thy persecuted children, SCOTIA, foiled
A tyrant's and a bigot's bloody laws :
There, leaning on his spear, (one of the array,
Whose gleam, in former days, had scathed the rose
On England's banner, and had powerless struck
The infatuate monarch and his wavering host,)
The lyart veteran heard the word of God
By Cameron thundered, or by Renwick poured
In gentle stream : then rose the song, the loud
Acclaim of praise ; the wheeling plover ceased
Her plaint ; the solitary place was glad,
And on the distant cairns, the watcher's ear *
Caught doubtfully at times the breeze-borne note.
But years more gloomy followed ; and no more

* Sentinels were placed on the surrounding hills, to give warning of the approach of the military.

The assembled people dared, in face of day,
To worship God, or even at the dead
Of night, save when the wintry storm raved fierce,
And thunder-peals compelled the men of blood
To couch within their dens; then dauntlessly
The scattered few would meet, in some deep dell
By rocks o'er-canopied, to hear the voice,
Their faithful pastor's voice: He by the gleam
Of sheeted lightning oped the sacred book,
And words of comfort spake: Over their souls
His accents soothing came,—as to her young
The heathfowl's plumes, when, at the close of eve,
She gathers in, mournful, her brood dispersed
By murderous sport, and o'er the remnant spreads
Fondly her wings; close nestling 'neath her breast,
They, cherished, cower amid the purple blooms.

But wood and wild, the mountain and the dale,
The house of prayer itself,—no place inspires
Emotions more accordant with the day,
Than does the field of graves, the land of rest:—
Oft at the close of evening-prayer, the toll,
The solemn funeral-toll, pausing, proclaims
The service of the tomb; the homeward crowds
Divide on either hand; the pomp draws near;
The choir to meet the dead go forth, and sing,

I am the resurrection and the life.

Ah me ! these youthful bearers robed in white,
They tell a mournful tale ; some blooming friend
Is gone, dead in her prime of years :—'twas she,
The poor man's friend, who, when she could not give,
With angel tongue pleaded to those who could ;
With angel tongue and mild beseeching eye,
That ne'er besought in vain, save when she prayed
For longer life, with heart resigned to die,—
Rejoiced to die ; for happy visions blessed
Her voyage's last days,* and, hovering round,
Alighted on her soul, giving presage
That heaven was nigh :—O what a burst
Of rapture from her lips ! what tears of joy
Her heavenward eyes suffused ! Those eyes are closed !
But all her loveliness is not yet flown :
She smiled in death, and still her cold pale face
Retains that smile ; as when a waveless lake,
In which the wintry stars all bright appear,

* Towards the end of Columbus's voyage to the new world, when he was already near, but not in sight of land, the drooping hopes of his mariners (for his own confidence seems to have remained unmoved) were revived by the appearance of birds, at first hovering round the ship, and then lighting on the rigging.

Is sheeted by a nightly frost with ice,
Still it reflects the face of heaven unchanged,
Unruffled by the breeze or sweeping blast.
Again that knell ! The slow procession stops :
The pall withdrawn, Death's altar, thick-embossed
With melancholy ornaments,—(the name,
The record of her blossoming age) appears
Unveiled, and on it dust to dust is thrown,
The final rite. Oh ! hark that sullen sound !
Upon the lowered bier the shovelled clay
Falls fast, and fills the void.—

But who is he,
That stands aloof, with haggard wistful eye,
As if he coveted the closing grave ?
And he does covet it ; his wish is death :
The dread resolve is fixed ; his own right-hand
Is sworn to do the deed : The day of rest
No peace, no comfort, brings his woe-worn spirit ;
Self cursed, the hallowed dome he dreads to enter ;
He dares not pray ; he dares not sigh a hope ;
Annihilation is his only heaven.
Loathsome the converse of his friends ! he shuns
The human face ; in every careless eye
Suspicion of his purpose seems to lurk.
Deep piny shades he loves, where no sweet note
Is warbled, where the rook unceasing caws :

Or far in moors, remote from house or hut,
Where animated nature seems extinct,
Where even the hum of wandering bee ne'er breaks
The quiet slumber of the level waste;
Where vegetation's traces almost fail,
Save where the leafless cannachs wave their tufts
Of silky white, or massy oaken trunks
Half-buried lie, and tell where greenwoods grew,—
There, on the heathless moss outstretched, he broods
O'er all his ever-changing plans of death:
The time, place, means, sweep, like a stormy rack,
In fleet succession, o'er his clouded soul,—
The poignard,—and the opium draught, that brings
Death by degrees, but leaves an awful chasm
Between the act and consequence,—the flash
Sulphureous, fraught with instantaneous death;—
The ruined tower perched on some jutting rock,
So high that, 'tween the leap and dash below,
The breath might take its flight in midway air,—
This pleases for a time; but on the brink,
Back from the toppling edge his fancy shrinks
In horror; sleep at last his breast becalms,—
He dreams 'tis done; but starting wild awakes,
Resigning to despair his dream of joy.
Then hope, faint hope, revives—hope, that Despair
May to his aid let loose the Demon Frenzy,

To lead scared Conscience blindfold o'er the brink
Of self-destruction's cataract of blood.

Most miserable, most incongruous wretch !

Dar'st thou to spurn thy life, the boon of God,

Yet dreadest to approach his holy place !

O dare to enter in ! may be some word,

Or sweetly chaunted strain, will in thy heart

Awake a chord in unison with life.

What are thy fancied woes to his, whose fate

Is (sentence dire !) incurable disease,—

The outcast of a lazar-house, homeless,

Or with a home where eyes do scowl on him !

Yet he, even he, with feeble step draws near,

With trembling voice joins in the song of praise.

Patient he waits the hour of his release ;

He knows he has a home beyond the grave.

Or turn thee to that house, with studded doors,

And iron-visor'd windows ;—even there

The Sabbath sheds a beam of bliss, tho' faint ;

The debtor's friends (for still he has some friends)

Have time to visit him ; the blossoming pea,

That climbs the rust-worn bars, seems fresher tinged ;

And on the little turf, this day renewed,

The lark, his prison mate, quivers the wing

With more than wonted joy. See, through the bars,

That pallid face retreating from the view,

That glittering eye following, with hopeless look,
The friends of former years, now passing by
In peaceful fellowship to worship God :
With them, in days of youthful years, he roamed
O'er hill and dale, o'er broomy knowe ; and wist
As little as the blythest of the band
Of this his lot ; condemned, condemned unheard,
The party for his judge :—among the throng,
The Pharisaical hard-hearted man
He sees pass on, to join the heaven-taught prayer,
Forgive our debts, as we forgive our debtors :
From unforgiving lips most impious prayer !
O happier far the victim, than the hand
That deals the legal stab ! The *injured* man
Enjoys internal, settled calm ; to him
The Sabbath bell sounds peace ; he loves to meet
His fellow-sufferers, to pray and praise :
And many a prayer, as pure as e'er was breathed
In holy fanes, is sighed in prison halls.
Ah me ! that clank of chains, as kneel and rise
The death-doomed row. But see, a smile illumines
The face of some ; perhaps they're guiltless : Oh !
And must high-minded honesty endure
The ignominy of a felon's fate !
No, 'tis not ignominious to be wronged ;
No ;—conscious exultation swells their hearts,

To think the day draws nigh, when in the view
Of angels, and of just men perfect made,
The mark which rashness branded on their names
Shall be effaced;—when, wafted on life's storm,
Their souls shall reach the Sabbath of the skies;—
As birds, from bleak Norwegia's wintry coast
Blown out to sea, strive to regain the shore,
But, vainly striving, yield them to the blast,—
Swept o'er the deep to ALBION's genial isle,
Amazed they light amid the bloomy sprays
Of some green vale, there to enjoy new loves,
And join in harmony unheard before.

The land is groaning 'neath the guilt of blood
Spilt wantonly : for every death-doomed man,
Who, in his boyhood, has been left untaught
That *Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness,*
And all her paths are peace, unjustly dies.
But ah ! how many are thus left untaught,—
How many would be left, but for the band
United to keep holy to the Lord
A portion of His day, by teaching those
Whom Jesus loved with forth-stretched hand to bless.
Behold yon motly train, by two and two,
Each with a bible 'neath its little arm,
Approach, well-pleased as if they went to play,
The dome where simple lore is learnt unbought :

And mark the father 'mid the sideway throng;—
Well do I know him by his glistening eye
That follows stedfastly *one* of the line.
A dark seafaring man he looks to be;
And much it glads his boding heart to think,
That when once more he sails the vallied deep,
His child shall still receive Instruction's boon.
But hark,—a noise,—a cry,—a gleam of swords!—
Resistance is in vain,—he's borne away,
Nor is allowed to clasp his weeping child.

My innocent, so helpless, yet so gay!
How could I bear to be thus rudely torn
From thee;—to see thee lift thy little arm
And impotently strike the ruffian man,—
To hear thee bid him chidingly,—begone!

O ye, who live at home, and kiss each eve
Your sleeping infants ere ye go to rest,
And, 'wakened by their call, lift up your eyes
Upon their morning smile,—think, think of those
Who, torn away without one farewell word
To wife, or children, sigh the day of life
In banishment from all that's dear to man,—
O raise your voices, in one general peal
Remonstrant, for the opprest. And ye, who sit

Month after month devising impost-laws,
Give some small portion of your midnight vigils,
To mitigate, if not remove the wrong.

Relentless justice! with fate-furrowed brow!
Wherefore to various crimes of various guilt,
One penalty, the most severe, allot!
Why, palled in state, and mitred with a wreath
Of nightshade, dost thou sit portentously,
Beneath a cloudy canopy of sighs,
Of fears, of trembling hopes, of boding doubts!
Death's dart thy mace!—Why are the laws of God,
Statutes promulged in characters of fire,*
Despised in deep concerns, where heavenly guidance
Is most required! The murderer—let *him* die,
And him who lifts his arm against his parent,
His country,—or his voice against his God.
Let crimes less heinous dooms less dreadful meet,
Than loss of life! so said the law divine,
That law beneficent, which mildly stretched
To men forgotten and forlorn, the hand

* “And it came to pass on the third day in the morning, that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud; so that all the people that was in the camp trembled.”—
Exod. xix. 16.

Of *restitution* : Yes, the trumpet's voice
The Sabbath of the jubilee * announced :
The freedom-freighted blast, through all the land
At once, in every city, echoing rings,
From Lebanon to Carmel's woody cliffs,
So loud, that far within the desert's verge
The couching lion starts, and glares around.
Free is the bondman now, each one returns
To his inheritance : The man, grown old
In servitude far from his native fields,
Hastes joyous on his way ; no hills are steep,
Smooth is each rugged path ; his little ones
Sport as they go, while oft the mother chides
The lingering step, lured by the way-side flowers :
At length the hill, from which a farewell look,

* " And thou shalt number seven Sabbaths of years unto thee, seven times seven years ; and the space of the seven Sabbaths of years shall be unto thee forty and nine years. Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound on the tenth day of the seventh month, in the day of atonement shall ye make the trumpet sound throughout all your land. And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof : it shall be a jubilee unto you ; and ye shall return every man unto his possession, and ye shall return every man unto his family."—LEV. xxv. 8, 9, 10.

And still another parting look, he cast
On his paternal vale, appears in view :
The summit gained, throbs hard his heart with joy
And sorrow blent, to see that vale once more :
Instant his eager eye darts to the roof
Where first he saw the light : his youngest born
He lifts, and, pointing to the much-loved spot,
Says,—“There thy fathers lived, and there they sleep.”
Onward he wends; near and more near he draws :
How sweet the tinkle of the palm-bowered brook !
The sun-beam slanting thro’ the cedar grove
How lovely, and how mild ! but lovelier still
The welcome in the eye of ancient friends,
Scarce known at first ! and dear the fig-tree shade,
’Neath which on Sabbath eve his father told *
Of Israel from the house of bondage freed,
Led through the desart to the promised land ;—
With eager arms the aged stem he clasps,

* “And these words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart : And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.—Thou shalt say unto thy son, We were Pharaoh’s bondmen in Egypt; and the Lord brought us out of Egypt with a mighty hand.”—DEUT. vi. 6. 7. 21.

And with his tears the furrowed bark bedews :
And still, at midnight-hour, he thinks he hears
The blissful sound that brake the bondman's chains,
The glorious peal of freedom and of joy !

Did ever law of *man* a power like this
Display ? power marvellous as merciful,
Which, though in *other* ordinances still
Most plainly seen, is yet but little marked
For what it truly is,—a miracle !
Stupendous, ever new, performed at once
In every region,—yea, on every sea
Which Europe's navies plow ;—yes, in all lands
From pole to pole, or civilized or rude,
People there are, to whom the *Sabbath* morn
Dawns, shedding dew into their drooping hearts :
Yes, far beyond the high-heaved western wave,
Amid COLUMBIA's wildernesses vast,
The words which God in thunder from the mount
Of Sinai spake, are heard, and are obeyed.
Thy children, SCOTIA, in the desert land,
Driven from their homes by fell Monopoly,
Keep holy to the Lord the seventh day.
Assembled under loftiest canopy
Of trees primeval, soon to be laid low,
They sing, *By Babel's streams we sat and wept.*

What strong mysterious links enchain the heart
To regions where the morn of life was spent !
In foreign lands, though happier be the clime,
Though round our board smile all the friends we love,
The face of nature wears a stranger's look.
Yea, though the valley which we loved be swept
Of its inhabitants, none left behind,
Not even the poor blind man who sought his bread
From door to door, still, still there is a want ;
Yes, even he, round whom a night that knows
No dawn is ever spread, whose native vale
Presented to his closed eyes a blank,—
Deplores its distance now. There well he knew
Each object, though unseen ; there could he wend
His way, guideless, through wilds and mazy woods ;
Each aged tree, spared when the forest fell,
Was his familiar friend, from the smooth birch,
With rind of silken touch, to the rough elm :
The three gray stones, that marked where heroes lay,
Mourned by the harp, mourned by the melting voice
Of Cona, oft his resting-place had been ;
Oft had they told him that his home was near :
The tinkle of the rill, the murmuring
So gentle of the brook, the torrent's rush,
The cataract's din, the ocean's distant roar,
The echo's answer to his foot or voice ;

All spoke a language which he understood,
All warned him of his way. But most he feels
Upon the hallowed morn, the saddening change :
No more he hears the gladsome village bell
Ring the blest summons to the house of God :
And,—for the voice of psalms, loud, solemn, grand,
That cheered his darkling path, as, with slow step
And feeble, he toiled up the spire-topt hill,—
A few faint notes ascend among the trees.

What though the clustered vine there hardly tempts
The traveller's hand ; though birds of dazzling plume
Perch on the loaded boughs ;—" Give me thy woods,
(Exclaims the banished man) thy barren woods,
POOR SCOTLAND ! sweeter there the reddening haw,
The sloe, or rowan's * bitter bunch, than here
The purple grape ; dearer the redbreast's note,
That mourns the fading year in SCOTIA's vales,
Than Philomel's, where spring is ever new ;
More dear to me the redbreast's sober suit,
So like a withered leaflet, than the glare
Of gaudy wings, that make the Iris dim."

Nor is regret exclusive to the old :
The boy, whose birth was midway o'er the main,

* Mountain-ash.

A ship his cradle, by the billows rocked,—
“The nursling of the storm,”—although he claims
No native land, yet does he wistful hear
Of some far distant country, still called *home*,
Where lambs of whitest fleece sport on the hills;
Where gold-specked fishes wanton in the streams;
Where little birds, when snow-flakes dim the air,
Light on the floor, and peck the table-crumbs,
And with their singing cheer the winter day.

But what the loss of country to the woes
Of banishment and solitude combined!
Oh! my heart bleeds to think there now may live
One hapless man, the remnant of a wreck,
Cast on some desert island of that main
Immense, which stretches from the Cochin shore
To Acapulco. Motionless he sits,
As is the rock his seat, gazing whole days,
With wandering eye, o’er all the watery waste;
Now striving to believe the albatross
A sail appearing on the horizon’s verge;
Now vowing ne’er to cherish other hope
Than hope of death. Thus pass his weary hours,
Till welcome evening warn him that ’tis time
Upon the shell-notched calendar to mark

Another day, another dreary day,—
Changeless,—for in these regions of the sun,
The wholesome law that dooms mankind to toil,
Bestowing grateful interchange of rest
And labour, is annulled ; for there the trees,
Adorned at once with bud, and flower, and fruit,
Drop, as the breezes blow, a shower of bread
And blossoms on the ground : But yet by him,
The Hermit of the Deep, not unobserved
The Sabbath passes.—’Tis his great delight.
Each seventh eve he marks the farewell ray,
And loves, and sighs to think,—that setting sun
Is now empurpling SCOTLAND’S mountain-tops,
Or, higher risen, slants athwart her vales,
Tinting with yellow light the quivering throat
Of day-spring lark, while woodland birds below
Chaunt in the dewy shade. Thus, all night long
He watches, while the rising moon describes
The progress of the day in happier lands.
And now he almost fancies that he hears
The chiming from his native village church :
And now he sings, and fondly hopes the strain
May be the same, that sweet ascends at home
In congregation full,—where, not without a tear,
They are remembered who in ships behold

The wonders of the deep : * he sees the hand,
 The widowed hand, that veils the eye suffused;
 He sees his orphan'd boy look up, and strive
 The widowed heart to sooth. His spirit leans
 On God. Nor does he leave his weekly vigil,
 Though tempests ride o'er welkin-lashing waves
 On winds of cloudless wing ; † though lightnings burst
 So vivid, that the stars are hid and seen
 In awful alternation : Calm he views
 The far-exploding firmament, and dares
 To hope—one bolt in mercy is reserved
 For his release ; and yet he is resigned
 To live : because full well he is assured,
 Thy hand does lead him, thy right hand upholds. ‡

And thy right hand does lead him. Lo ! at last,
 One sacred eve, he hears, faint from the deep,
 Music remote, swelling at intervals,

* “ They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters ; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.”—PSAL. cvii.

† In the tropical regions, the sky during storms is often without a cloud.

‡ “ If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.”—PSAL. cxxxix.

As if the embodied spirit of sweet sounds
Came slowly floating on the shoreward wave :
The cadence well he knows,—a hymn of old,
Where sweetly is rehearsed the lowly state
Of Jesus, when his birth was first announced,
In midnight music, by an angel choir,
To Bethlehem's shepherds,* as they watch'd their flocks.
Breathless, the man forlorn listens, and thinks
It is a dream. Fuller the voices swell.
He looks, and starts to see, moving along,
A fiery wave, † (so seems it) crescent formed,

* “ And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night. And, lo ! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for, behold ! I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you, Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God; and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.”—LUKE, ii. 8.—14.

† “ In some seas, as particularly about the coast of Malabar, as a ship floats along, it seems during the night to be surrounded with fire, and to leave a long tract of light behind it.

Approaching to the land; straightway he sees
A towering whiteness; 'tis the heaven-filled sails
That waft the missioned men, who have renounced
Their homes, their country, nay, almost the world,
Bearing glad tidings to the farthest isles
Of ocean, that *the dead shall rise again*.
Forward the gleam-girt castle coastwise glides.
It seems as it would pass away. To cry
The wretched man in vain attempts, in vain,
Powerless his voice as in a fearful dream:
Not so his hand; he strikes the flint,—a blaze
Mounts from the ready heap of withered leaves:
The music ceases; accents harsh succeed,
Harsh, but most grateful: downward drop the sails;
Ingulphed the anchor sinks; the boat is launched;
But cautious lies aloof till morning dawn:
O then the transport of the man, unused
To other human voice beside his own,—
His native tongue to hear! he breathes at home,
Though earth's diameter is interposed.
Of perils of the sea he has no dread,
Full well assured the missioned bark is safe,

Whenever the sea is gently agitated, it seems converted into little stars; every drop as it breaks emits light, like bodies electrified in the dark."—DARWIN.

Held in the hollow of the Almighty's hand.
(And signal thy deliverances have been
Of these thy messengers of peace and joy.)
From storms that loudly threaten to unfix
Islands rock-rooted in the ocean's bed,
Thou dost deliver them,—and from the calm,
More dreadful than the storm, when motionless
Upon the purple deep the vessel lies
For days, for nights, illumed by phosphor lamps;
When sea-birds seem in nests of flame to float;
When backward starts the boldest mariner
To see, while o'er the side he leans, his face
As if deep-tinged with blood.—

Let worldly men
The cause and combatants contemptuous scorn,
And call fanatics them, who hazard health
And life, in testifying of the truth,
Who joy and glory in the cross of Christ!
What were the Galilean fishermen
But messengers, commissioned to announce
The resurrection, and the life to come!
They too, though clothed with power of mighty works
Miraculous, were oft received with scorn;
Oft did their words fall powerless, though enforced
By deeds that marked Omnipotence their friend:
But, when their efforts failed, unweariedly

They onward went, rejoicing in their course.
Like helianthus, * borne on downy wings
To distant realms, they frequent fell on soils
Barren and thankless ; yet oft-times they saw
Their labours crowned with fruit an hundred fold,
Saw the new converts testify their faith
By works of love,—the slave set free, the sick
Attended, prisoners visited, the poor
Received as brothers at the rich man's board.
Alas ! how different now the deeds of men
Nursed in the faith of Christ !—the free made slaves !
Stolen from their country, borne across the deep,
Enchained, endungeoned, forced by stripes to live,
Doomed to behold their wives, their little ones,
Tremble beneath the white man's fiend-like frown !
Yet even to scenes like these, the SABBATH brings
Alleviation of the enormous woe :—
The oft-reiterated stroke is still ;
The clotted scourge hangs hardening in the shrouds.
But see, the demon man, whose trade is blood,
With dauntless front, convene his ruffian crew,
To hear the sacred service read. Accursed,

* Sun flower. "The seeds of many plants of this kind are furnished with a plume, by which admirable mechanism they are disseminated far from their parent stem."—DARWIN.

The wretch's bile-tinged lips profane the word
Of God : Accursed, he ventures to pronounce
The decalogue, nor falters at that law,
Wherein 'tis written, *Thou shalt do no murder* ;
Perhaps, while yet the words are on his lips,
He hears a dying mother's parting groan ;
He hears her orphan'd child, with lisping plaint,
Attempt to rouse her from the sleep of death.

O England ! England ! wash thy purpled hands
Of this foul sin, and never dip them more
In guilt so damnable ! *then* lift them up
In supplication to that God, whose name
Is Mercy ; then thou may'st, without the risk
Of drawing vengeance from the surcharged clouds,
Implore protection to thy menaced shores ;
Then, God will blast the tyrant's arm that grasps
The thunderbolt of ruin o'er thy head ;
Then, will he turn the wolvis race to prey
Upon each other ; then, will he arrest
The lava torrent, causing it regorge
Back to its source with fiery desolation.

Of all the murderous trades by mortals plied,
'Tis War alone that never violates
The hallowed day by simulate respect,—
By hypocritic rest : No, no, the work proceeds.

From sacred pinnacles are hung the flags,*
That give the sign to slip the leash from slaughter.
The bells, whose knoll a holy calmness poured
Into the good man's breast,—whose sound solaced
The sick, the poor, the old—perversion dire—
Pealing with sulphurous tongue, speak death-fraught
words:

From morn to eve Destruction revels frenzied,
Till at the hour when peaceful vesper-chimes
Were wont to sooth the ear, the trumpet sounds
Pursuit and flight altern; and for the song
Of larks, descending to their grass-bowered homes,
The croak of flesh-gorged ravens, as they slake
Their thirst in hoof-prints filled with gore, disturbs
The stupor of the dying man: while Death
Triumphantly sails down the ensanguined stream,
On corses throned, and crowned with shivered boughs,
That erst hung imaged in the crystal tide. †

And what the harvest of these bloody fields?
A double weight of fetters to the slave,
And chains on arms that wielded Freedom's sword.
Spirit of TELL! and art thou doomed to see

* Church steeples are frequently used as signal-posts.

† After a heavy cannonade, the shivered branches of trees, and the corpses of the killed, are seen floating together down the rivers.

Thy mountains, that confessed no other chains
Than what the wintry elements had forged,—
Thy vales, where Freedom, and her stern compeer,
Proud virtuous Poverty, their noble state
Maintained, amid surrounding threats of wealth,
Of superstition, and tyrannic sway——
Spirit of TELL! and art thou doomed to see
That land subdued by Slavery's basest slaves;
By men, whose lips pronounce the sacred name
Of Liberty, then kiss the despot's foot?
HELVETIA! hadst thou to thyself been true,
Thy dying sons had triumphed as they fell:
But 'twas a glorious effort, though in vain.
Aloft thy Genius, 'mid the sweeping clouds,
The flag of Freedom spread; bright in the storm
The streaming meteor waved, and far it gleamed;
But, ah! 'twas transient as the Iris' arch,
Glanced from Leviathan's ascending shower,
When mid the mountain waves heaving his head.
Already had the friendly-seeming foe
Possessed the snow-piled ramparts of the land;
Down like an avalanche they rolled, they crushed
The temple, palace, cottage, every work
Of art and nature, in one common ruin.
The dreadful crush is o'er, and peace ensues,—
The peace of desolation, gloomy, still:
Each day is hushed as Sabbath; but, alas!

No Sabbath-service glads the seventh day !
No more the happy villagers are seen,
Winding adown the rock-hewn paths, that wont
To lead their footsteps to the house of prayer ;
But, far apart, assembled in the depth
Of solitudes, perhaps a little groupe
Of aged men, and orphan boys, and maids
Bereft, list to the breathings of the holy man,
Who spurns an oath of fealty to the power
Of rulers chosen by a tyrant's nod.
No more, as dies the rustling of the breeze,
Is heard the distant vesper-hymn ; no more
At gloamin hour, the plaintive strain, that links
His country to the SWITZER's heart, delights
The loosening team ; or if some shepherd boy
Attempt the strain, his voice soon faltering stops ;
He feels his country now a foreign land.

O, Scotland ! canst thou for a moment brook
The mere imagination, that a fate
Like this should e'er be thine ! that o'er those hills,
And dear-bought vales, whence WALLACE, DOUGLAS,
BRUCE,
Repelled proud EDWARD's multitudinous hordes,
A Gallic foe, that abject race, should rule !
No, no ! let never hostile standard touch
Thy shore : rush, rush into the dashing brine,

And crest each wave with steel; and should the stamp
Of Slavery's footstep violate the strand,
Let not the tardy tide efface the mark;
Sweet off the stigma with a sea of blood!

Thrice happy he who, far in Scottish glen
Retired (yet ready at his country's call,)
Has left the restless emmet-hill of man!
He never longs to read the saddening tale
Of endless wars; and seldom does he hear
The tale of woe; and ere it reaches him,
Rumour, so loud when new, has died away
Into a whisper, on the memory borne
Of casual traveller;—As on the deep,
Far from the sight of land, when all around
Is waveless calm, the sudden tremulous swell,
That gently heaves the ship, tells, as it rolls,
Of earthquakes dread, and cities overthrown.

O Scotland! much I love thy tranquil dales;
But most on Sabbath eve, when low the sun
Slants through the upland copse, 'tis my delight,
Wandering, and stopping oft, to hear the song
Of kindred praise arise from humble roofs;
Or, when the simple service ends, to hear
The lifted latch, and mark the grey-haired man,
The father and the priest, walk forth alone

Into his garden-plat, or little field,
To commune with his God in secret prayer,—
To bless the Lord, that in his downward years
His children are about him : Sweet, meantime,
The thrush, that sings upon the aged thorn,
Brings to his view the days of youthful years,
When that same aged thorn was but a bush.
Nor is the contrast between youth and age
To him a painful thought ; he joys to think
His journey near a close,—heaven is his home.
More happy far that man, though bowed down,
Though feeble be his gait, and dim his eye,
Than they, the favourites of youth and health,
Of riches, and of fame, who have renounced
The glorious promise of the life to come,—
Clinging to death.

Or mark that female face,
The faded picture of its former self,—
The garments coarse, but clean ;—frequent at church
I've noted such a one, feeble and pale,
Yet standing, with a look of mild content,
Till beckoned by some kindly hand to sit.
She has seen better days ; there was a time,
Her hands could earn her bread, and freely give
To those who were in want ; but now old age,
And lingering disease, have made her helpless.
Yet is she happy, aye, and she is wise,

(Philosophers may sneer, and pedants frown,) Although her Bible is her only book;
And she is rich, although her only wealth
Is recollection of a well spent life—
Is expectation of the life to come.
Examine here, explore the narrow path
In which she walks; look not for virtuous deeds
In history's arena, where the prize
Of fame, or power, prompts to heroic acts.
Peruse the *lives* themselves of men obscure :—
There charity, that robs itself to give;
There fortitude in sickness, nursed by want;
There courage, that expects no tongue to praise;
There virtue lurks, like purest gold deep hid,
With no alloy of selfish motive mixed.
The poor man's boon, that stints him of his bread,
Is prized more highly in the sight of Him,
Who sees the heart, than golden gifts from hands
That scarce can know their countless treasures less : *
Yea, the deep sigh that heaves the poor man's breast
To see distress, and feel his willing arm

* “ And Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury; and many that were rich cast in much. And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing. And he called unto him his disciples, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast more in, than all

Palsied by penury, ascends to heaven;
While ponderous bequests of lands and goods
Ne'er rise above their earthly origin.

And should all bounty, that is clothed with power,
Be deemed unworthy?—Far be such a thought!
Even when the rich bestow, there are sure tests
Of genuine charity: Yes, yes, let wealth
Give other alms than silver or than gold,—
Time, trouble, toil, attendance, watchfulness,
Exposure to disease;—yes, let the rich
Be often seen beneath the sick man's roof;
Or cheering, with inquiries from the heart,
And hopes of health, the melancholy range
Of couches in the public wards of woe:
There let them often bless the sick man's bed,
With kind assurances that all is well
At home; that plenty smiles upon the board,—
The while the hand, that earned the frugal meal,
Can hardly raise itself in sign of thanks.
Above all duties, let the rich man search
Into the cause he knoweth not, nor spurn
The suppliant wretch as guilty of a crime.

they which have cast into the treasury: For all they did cast in of their abundance, but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living.”—MARK, xii. 41.—44.

Ye blessed with *wealth* ! (another name for *power*
Of doing good) O would ye but devote
A little portion of each seventh day,
To acts of *justice* to your fellow men !
The house of mourning silently invites :
Shun not the crowded alley ; prompt descend
Into the half-sunk cell, darksome and damp ;
Nor seem impatient to begone : Inquire,
Console, instruct, encourage, sooth, assist ;
Read, pray, and sing a new song to the Lord ;
Make tears of joy down grief-worn furrows flow.

O Health ! thou sun of life, without whose beam
The fairest scenes of nature seem involved
In darkness, shine upon my dreary path
Once more ; or, with thy faintest dawn, give hope,
That I may yet enjoy thy vital ray !
Though transient be the hope, 'twill be most sweet,
Like midnight music, stealing on the ear,
Then gliding past, and dying slow away.
Music ! thou soothing power, thy charm is proved
Most vividly when clouds o'ercast the soul ;—
So light its loveliest effect displays
In lowering skies, when through the murky rack
A slanting sun-beam shoots, and instant limns
The ethereal curve of seven harmonious dyes,
Eliciting a splendour from the gloom :

O Music ! still vouchsafe to tranquillize
'This breast perturbed ; thy voice, though mournful,
soothes ;
And mournful ay are thy most beauteous lays,
Like fall of blossoms from the orchard boughs,—
The autumn of the spring. Enchanting power !
Who, by thy airy spell, canst whirl the mind
Far from the busy haunts of men to vales
Where TWEED or YARROW flows ; or, spurning time,
Recall red FLODDEN field ; or suddenly
Transport, with altered strain, the deafened ear
To LINDEN's plain !—But what the pastoral lay,
The melting dirge, the battle's trumpet-peal,
Compared to notes with sacred numbers linked
In union, solemn, grand ! O then the spirit,
Upborne on pinions of celestial sound,
Soars to the throne of God, and ravished hears
Ten thousand times ten thousand voices rise
In halleluias,—voices, that erewhile
Were feebly tuned perhaps to low-breathed hymns
Of solace in the chambers of the poor,—
The Sabbath worship of the friendless sick.

Blest be the female votaries, whose days
No Sabbath of their pious labours prove,
Whose lives are consecrated to the toil
Of ministering around the uncurtained couch

Of pain and poverty ! Blest be the hands,
The lovely hands, (for beauty, youth, and grace,
Are oft concealed by Pity's closest veil,)
That mix the cup medicinal, that bind
The wounds, which ruthless warfare and disease
Have to the loathsome lazar-house consigned.

Fierce Superstition of the mitred king !
Almost I could forget thy torch and stake,
When I this blessed sisterhood survey,—
Compassion's priestesses, disciples true
Of Him, whose touch was health, whose single word
Electrified with life the palsied arm,—
Of him, who said, *Take up thy bed, and walk,*—
Of him, who cried to Lazarus, *Come forth.*

And he who cried to Lazarus, *Come forth,*
Will, when the Sabbath of the tomb is past,
Call forth the dead, and re-unite the dust
(Transformed and purified) to angel souls.
Extatic hope ! belief ! conviction firm !
How grateful 'tis to recollect the time
When hope arose to faith ! Faintly, at first,
The heavenly voice is heard : Then, by degrees,
Its music sounds perpetual in the heart.
Thus he, who all the gloomy winter long
Has dwelt in city-crowds, wandering afield

Betimes on Sabbath morn, ere yet the spring
Unfold the daisy's bud, delighted hears
The first lark's note, faint yet, and short the song,
Checked by the chill ungenial northern breeze;
But, as the sun ascends, another springs,
And still another soars on loftier wing,
Till all o'erhead, the joyous choir, unseen,
Poised welkin high, harmonious fills the air,
As if it were a link 'tween earth and heaven.

SABBATH WALKS.

SABBATH WALKS

SPRING SABBATH WALK.

MOST earnest was his voice ! most mild his look,
 As with raised hands he blessed his parting flock.
 He is a faithful pastor of the poor ;—
 He thinks not of himself ; his Master's words,
Feed, feed my sheep, * are ever at his heart,
 The cross of CHRIST is ay before his eyes.
 O, how I love, with melted soul, to leave
 The house of prayer, and wander in the fields
 Alone ! What tho' the opening spring be chill !

* " So when he had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these ? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my lambs. He saith to him again the second time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me ? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my sheep. He saith unto him the third time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me ? Peter was grieved, because he said unto him the third time, Lovest thou me ? And he said unto him, Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus saith unto him, Feed my sheep."—JOHN, xxi. 15—17.

Altho' the lark, checked in his airy path,
Eke out his song, perched on the fallow clod,
That still o'ertops the blade ! Altho' no branch
Have spread its foliage, save the willow wand,
That dips its pale leaves in the swollen stream !
What tho' the clouds oft lower ! Their threats but end
In sunny showers, that scarcely fill the folds
Of moss-couched violet, or interrupt
The merle's dulcet pipe,—melodious bird !
He, hid behind the milk-white sloe-thorn spray,
(Whose early flowers anticipate the leaf,)
Welcomes the time of buds, the infant year.

Sweet is the sunny nook, to which my steps
Have brought me, hardly conscious where I roamed,
Unheeding where,—so lovely all around,
The works of God, arrayed in vernal smile !

Oft at this season, musing, I prolong
My devious range, till, sunk from view, the sun
Emblaze, with upward-slanting ray, the breast,
And wing unquivering of the wheeling lark,
Descending, vocal, from her latest flight,
While, disregardful of yon lonely star,—
The harbinger of chill night's glittering host,—
Sweet Redbreast, SCOTIA'S Philomela, chaunts,
In desultory strains, his evening hymn.

A

SUMMER SABBATH WALK.

DELIGHTFUL is this loneliness; it calms
My heart: pleasant the cool beneath these elms,
That throw across the stream a moveless shade.
Here nature in her midnoon whisper speaks:
How peaceful every sound!—the ring-dove's plaint,
Moaned from the twilight centre of the grove,
While every other woodland lay is mute,
Save when the wren flits from her down-coved nest,
And from the root-sprigs trills her ditty clear,—
The grasshopper's oft-pausing chirp,—the buzz,
Angrily shrill, of moss-entangled bee,
That, soon as loosed, booms with full twang away,—
The sudden rushing of the minnow shoal,
Scared from the shallows by my passing tread.
Dimpling the water glides, with here and there
A glossy fly, skimming in circlets gay

The treacherous surface, while the quick-eyed trout
Watches his time to spring; or, from above,
Some feathered dam, purveying 'mong the boughs,
Darts from her perch, and to her plumeless brood
Bears off the prize :— Sad emblem of man's lot !
He, giddy insect, from his native leaf,
(Where safe and happily he might have lurked)
Elate upon ambition's gaudy wings,
Forgetful of his origin, and, worse,
Unthinking of his end, flies to the stream ;
And if from hostile vigilance he 'scape,
Buoyant he flutters but a little while,
Mistakes the inverted image of the sky
For heaven itself, and, sinking, meets his fate.

Now, let me trace the stream up to its source
Among the hills ; its runnel by degrees
Diminishing, the murmur turns a tinkle.
Closer and closer still the banks approach,
Tangled so thick with pleaching bramble-shoots,
With brier, and hazel branch, and hawthorn spray,
That, fain to quit the dingle, glad I mount
Into the open air : Grateful the breeze
That fans my throbbing temples ! smiles the plain
Spread wide below : how sweet the placid view !
But, O ! more sweet the thought, heart-soothing thought,
That thousands, and ten thousands of the sons

Of toil, partake this day the common joy
Of rest, of peace, of viewing hill and dale,
Of breathing in the silence of the woods,
And blessing Him, who gave the Sabbath day.
Yes, my heart flutters with a freer throb,
To think that now the townsman wanders forth
Among the fields and meadows, to enjoy
The coolness of the day's decline ; to see
His children sport around, and simply pull
The flower and weed promiscuous, as a boon,
Which proudly in his breast they smiling fix.

Again I turn me to the hill, and trace
The wizard stream, now scarce to be discerned ;
Woodless its banks, but green with ferny leaves,
And thinly strewed with heath-bells up and down.

Now, when the downward sun has left the glens,
Each mountain's rugged lineaments are traced
Upon the adverse slope, where stalks gigantic
The shepherd's shadow thrown athwart the chasm,
As on the topmost ridge he homeward hies.
How deep the hush ! the torrent's channel, dry,
Presents a stony steep, the echo's haunt.
But hark, a plaintive sound floating along !
'Tis from yon heath-roofed shielin ; now it dies
Away, now rises full ; it is the song

Which He,—who listens to the halleluiahs
Of choiring Seraphim—delights to hear;
It is the music of the heart, the voice
Of venerable age,—of guileless youth,
In kindly circle seated on the ground
Before their wicker door: Behold the man!
The grandsire and the saint; his silvery locks
Beam in the parting ray; before him lies,
Upon the smooth-cropt sward, the open book,
His comfort, stay, and ever new-delight;
While, heedless, at a side, the lisping boy
Fondles the lamb that nightly shares his couch.

AN
AUTUMN SABBATH WALK.

WHEN homeward bands their several ways disperse,
I love to linger in the narrow field
Of rest, to wander round from tomb to tomb,
And think of some who silent sleep below.
Sad sighs the wind, that from these ancient elms
Shakes showers of leaves upon the withered grass :
The sere and yellow wreaths, with eddying sweep,
Fill up the furrows 'tween the hillocked graves.
But list that moan ! 'tis the poor blind man's dog,
His guide for many a day, now come to mourn
The master and the friend—conjunction rare !
A man, indeed, he was of gentle soul,
Though bred to brave the deep : the lightning's flash
Had dimmed, not closed, his mild, but sightless eyes.
He was a welcome guest through all his range ;
(It was not wide :) no dog would bay at him :
Children would run to meet him on his way,

And lead him to a sunny seat, and climb
His knee, and wonder at his oft-told tales.
Then would he teach the elfins how to plait
The rushy cap and crown, or sedgy ship :
And I have seen him lay his tremulous hand
Upon their heads, while silent moved his lips.
Peace to thy spirit ! that now looks on me,
Perhaps with greater pity than I felt
To see thee wandering darkling on thy way.

But let me quit this melancholy spot,
And roam where nature gives a parting smile.
As yet the blue-bells linger on the sod
That copes the sheepfold ring ; and in the woods
A second blow of many flowers appears,
Flowers faintly tinged, and breathing no perfume.
But fruits, not blossoms, form the woodland wreath,
That circles Autumn's brow : The ruddy haws
Now clothe the half-leaved thorn ; the bramble bends
Beneath its jetty load ; the hazel hangs
With auburn bunches, dipping in the stream
That sweeps along, and threatens to o'erflow
The leaf-strewn banks : Oft, statue-like, I gaze,
In vacancy of thought, upon that stream,
And chace, with dreaming eye, the eddying foam,
Or rowan's clustered branch, or harvest sheaf,
Borne rapidly adown the dizzying flood.

WINTER SABBATH WALK.

How dazzling white the snowy scene ! deep, deep
The stillness of the winter Sabbath day,—
Not even a foot-fall heard. Smooth are the fields,
Each hollow pathway level with the plain :
Hid are the bushes, save that here and there
Are seen the topmost shoots of brier or broom.
High-ridged, the whirled drift has almost reached
The powdered key-stone of the church-yard porch.
Mute hangs the hooded-bell ; the tombs lie buried ;
No step approaches to the house of prayer.

The flickering fall is o'er : the clouds disperse,
And shew the sun, hung o'er the welkin's verge,
Shooting a bright but ineffectual beam
On all the sparkling waste. Now is the time
To visit nature in her grand attire ;

Though perilous the mountainous ascent,
A noble recompense the danger brings.
How beautiful the plain stretched far below !
Unvaried though it be, save by yon stream
With azure windings, or the leafless wood.
But what the beauty of the plain, compared
To that sublimity which reigns enthroned,
Holding joint rule with solitude divine,
Among yon rocky fells, that bid defiance
To steps the most adventurously bold !
There silence dwells profound ; or if the cry
Of high-poised eagle break at times the hush,
The mantled echoes no response return.

But let me now explore the deep sunk dell.
No foot-print, save the covey's or the flock's,
Is seen along the rill, where marshy springs
Still rear the grassy blade of vivid green.
Beware, ye shepherds, of these treacherous haunts,
Nor linger there too long : the wintry day
Soon closes ; and full oft a heavier fall,
Heaped by the blast, fills up the sheltered glen,
While, gurgling deep below, the buried rill
Mines for itself a snow-coved way. O, then,
Your helpless charge drive from the tempting spot,
And keep them on the bleak hill's stormy side,
Where night winds sweep the gathering drift away :—

—So the great Shepherd leads the heavenly flock
From faithless pleasures, full into the storms
Of life, where long they bear the bitter blast,
Until at length the vernal sun looks forth,
Bedimmed with showers: Then to the pastures green
He brings them, where the quiet waters glide,
The streams of life, the Siloah of the soul.

—to the great advantage of the country.

From this point, the road leads to the

12. The road leads to the river, where

I can see the river, and the

13. The road leads to the river, where

the river flows, and the

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the river flows, and the

BIBLICAL PICTURES.

THE
FIRST SABBATH.

Six days the heavenly host, in circle vast,
Like that untouching cincture which enzones
The globe of Saturn, compassed wide this orb,
And with the forming mass floated along,
In rapid course, through yet untravelled space,
Beholding God's stupendous power,—a world
Bursting from Chaos at the omnific will,
And perfect ere the sixth day's evening star
On Paradise arose. Blessed that eve!
The Sabbath's harbinger, when, all complete,
In freshest beauty from Jehovah's hand,
Creation bloomed; when Eden's twilight face
Smiled like a sleeping babe: The voice divine
A holy calm breathed o'er the goodly work:
Mildly the sun, upon the loftiest trees,
Shed mellowly a sloping beam. Peace reigned,

And love, and gratitude : The human pair
Their orisons poured forth : love, concord, reigned :
The falcon, perched upon the blooming bough
With Philomela, listened to her lay ;
Among the antlered herd the tiger couched,
Harmless ; the lion's mane no terror spread
Among the careless ruminating flock.
Silence was o'er the deep ; the noiseless surge,
The last subsiding wave,—of that dread tumult
Which raged, when Ocean, at the mute command,
Rushed furiously into his new-cleft bed,—
Was gently rippling on the pebbled shore ;
While, on the swell, the sea-bird, with her head
Wing-veiled, slept tranquilly. The host of heaven,
Entranced in new delight, speechless adored ;
Nor stopped their fleet career, nor changed their form
Encircular, till on that hemisphere,—
In which the blissful garden sweet exhaled
Its incense, odorous clouds,—the Sabbath dawn
Arose ; then wide the flying circle oped,
And soared, in semblance of a mighty rainbow :
Silent ascend the choirs of Seraphim ;
No harp resounds, mute is each voice ; the burst
Of joy, and praise, reluctant they repress,—
For love and concord all things so attuned
To harmony, that Earth must have received
The grand vibration, and to the centre shook :

But soon as to the starry altitudes
They reached, then what a storm of sound, tremendous,
Swelled through the realms of space! The morning stars
Together sang, and all the sons of God
Shouted for joy! Loud was the peal; so loud,
As would have quite o'erwhelmed the human sense;
But to the Earth it came a gentle strain,
Like softest fall breathed from Æolian lute,
When 'mid the chords the evening gale expires.
Day of the Lord! creation's hallowed close!
Day of the Lord! (prophetical they sang)
Benignant mitigation of that doom,
Which must, ere long, consign the fallen race,
Dwellers in yonder star, to toil and woe!

THE
FINDING OF MOSES.

SLOW glides the Nile : amid the margin flags,
Closed in a bulrush ark, the babe is left,
Left by a mother's hand. His sister waits
Far off; and pale, 'tween hope and fear, beholds
The royal maid, surrounded by her train,
Approach the river bank; approach the spot
Where sleeps the innocent : She sees them stoop
With meeting plumes ; the rushy lid is oped,
And wakes the infant, smiling in his tears,—
As when along a little mountain lake,
The summer south-wind breathes with gentle sigh,
And parts the reeds, unveiling, as they bend,
A water-lily floating on the wave.

JACOB AND PHARAOH.

PHARAOH, upon a gorgeous throne of state
 Was seated ; while around him stood submissive
 His servants, watchful of his lofty looks.
 The Patriarch enters, leaning on the arm
 Of Benjamin. Unmoved by all the glare
 Of royalty, he scarcely throws a glance
 Upon the pageant show ; for from his youth
 A shepherd's life he led, and viewed each night
 The starry host ; and still where'er he went
 He felt himself in presence of the Lord.
 His eye is bent on Joseph, him pursues.
 Sudden the king descends ; and, bending, kneels
 Before the aged man, and supplicates
 A blessing from his lips : the aged man
 Lays on the ground his staff, and, stretching forth
 His tremulous hand o'er Pharaoh's uncrowned head,
 Prays that the Lord would bless him and his land.

JEPHTHA'S VOW.

FROM conquest JEPHTHA came, with faltering step,
 And troubled eye : His home appears in view ;
 He trembles at the sight. Sad he forebodes,—
 His vow will meet a victim in his child :
 For well he knows, that, from her earliest years,
 She still was first to meet his homeward steps :
 Well he remembers, how, with tottering gait,
 She ran, and clasped his knees, and lisped, and looked
 Her joy ; and how, when garlanding with flowers
 His helm, fearful, her infant hand would shrink
 Back from the lion couched beneath the crest.
 What sound is that, which, from the palm-tree grove,
 Floats now with choral swell, now fainter falls
 Upon the ear ? It is, it is the song
 He loved to hear,—a song of thanks and praise,
 Sung by the patriarch for his ransomed son.

Hope from the omen springs : O, blessed hope !
It may not be her voice !—Fain would he think
'Twas not his daughter's voice, that still approached,
Blent with the timbrel's note. Forth from the grove
She foremost glides of all the minstrel band :
Moveless he stands ; then grasps his hilt, still red
With hostile gore, but, shuddering, quits the hold ;
And clasps, in agony, his hands, and cries,
“Alas, my daughter! thou hast brought me low.”—
The timbrel at her rooted feet resounds.

SAUL AND DAVID.

DEEP was the furrow in the royal brow,
When DAVID's hand, lightly as vernal gales
Rippling the brook of Kedron, skimmed the lyre :
He sung of JACOB's youngest born,—the child
Of his old age,—sold to the Ishmaelite ;
His exaltation to the second power
In PHARAOH's realm ; his brethren thither sent ;
Suppliant they stood before his face, well known,
Unknowing,—till JOSEPH fell upon the neck
Of BENJAMIN, his mother's son, and wept.
Unconsciously the warlike shepherd paused ;
But when he saw, down the yet-quivering string,
The tear-drop trembling glide, abashed, he checked,
Indignant at himself, the bursting flood,
And, with a sweep impetuous, struck the chords :
From side to side his hands transversely glance,

Like lightning thwart a stormy sea ; his voice
Arises 'mid the clang, and straightway calms
The harmonious tempest, to a solemn swell
Majestical, triumphant ; for he sings
Of Arad's mighty host by Israel's arm
Subdued ; of Israel through the desert led,
He sings ; of him who was their leader, called,
By God himself, from keeping JETHRO's flock,
To be a ruler o'er the chosen race.
Kindles the eye of SAUL ; his arm is poised ;—
Harmless the javelin quivers in the wall.

ELIJAH FED BY RAVENS.

SORE was the famine throughout all the bounds
Of Israel, when ELIJAH, by command
Of GOD, journeyed to Cherith's failing brook.
No rain-drops fall, no dew-fraught cloud, at morn,
Or closing eve, creeps slowly up the vale ;
The withering herbage dies ; among the palms,
The shrivelled leaves send to the summer gale
An Autumn rustle ; no sweet songster's lay
Is warbled from the branches ; scarce is heard
The rill's faint brawl. The prophet looks around,
And trusts in GOD, and lays his silvered head
Upon the flowerless bank ; serene he sleeps,
Nor wakes till dawning : Then, with hands enclasped,
And heavenward face, and eyelids closed, he prays
To Him who manna on the desert showered,
To Him who from the rock made fountains gush :

Entranced the man of God remains ; till roused
By sound of wheeling wings, with grateful heart,
He sees the ravens fearless by his side
Alight, and leave the heaven-provided food.

THE
BIRTH OF JESUS ANNOUNCED.

DEEP was the midnight silence in the fields
Of Bethlehem; hushed the folds; save that, at times
Was heard the lamb's faint bleat: the shepherds,
 stretched

On the green sward, surveyed the starry vault :
The heavens declare the glory of the Lord,
The firmament shews forth thy handy work ;
Thus they, their hearts attuned to the Most High ;—
When, suddenly, a splendid cloud appeared,
As if a portion of the milky way
Descended slowly in a spiral course.
Near, and more near it draws; then, hovering, floats,
High as the soar of eagle, shedding bright,
Upon the folded flocks, a heavenly radiance,
From whence was uttered loud, yet sweet, a voice,—

*Fear not, I bring good tidings of great joy ;
For unto you is born this day a Saviour !
And this shall be a sign to you,—the babe,
Laid lowly in a manger, ye shall find.*

The angel spake ; when, lo ! upon the cloud,
A multitude of Seraphim, enthroned,
Sang praises, saying,—*Glory to the Lord
On high ; on earth be peace, good will to men.*
With sweet response harmoniously they choired,
And while, with heavenly harmony, the song
Arose to God, more bright the buoyant throne
Illumed the land : The prowling lion stops,
Awe-struck, with mane upreared, and flattened head ;
And, without turning, backward on his steps
Recoils, aghast, into the desert gloom.
A trembling joy the astonished shepherds prove,
As heavenward re-ascends the vocal blaze
Triumphantly ; while, by degrees, the strain
Dies on the ear, that self-deluded listens,—
As if a sound so sweet could never die.

BEHOLD

MY MOTHER AND MY BRETHREN.

Who is my mother, or my brethren?—
He spake, and looked on them who sat around,
With a meek smile, of pity blent with love,
More melting than e'er gleamed from human face,—
As when a sun-beam, through a summer shower,
Shines mildly on a little hill-side flock;
And with that look of love, he said, Behold
My mother, and my brethren: for I say,
That whosoe'er shall do the will of God,
He is my brother, sister, mother, all.

BARTIMEUS
RESTORED TO SIGHT.

BLIND, poor, and helpless, BARTIMEUS sate,
 Listening the foot of the wayfaring man,
 Still hoping that the next, and still the next,
 Would put an alms into his trembling hand.
 He thinks he hears the coming breeze faint rustle
 Among the sycamores; it is the tread
 Of thousand steps; it is the hum of tongues
 Innumerable: But when the sightless man
 Heard that the Nazarene was passing by,
 He cried, and said,—“JESUS, thou son of David,
 Have mercy upon me!” and, when rebuked,
 He cried the more, “Have mercy upon me.”—
Thy faith hath made thee whole; so JESUS spake,—
 And straight the blind BEHELD THE FACE OF GOD.

LITTLE CHILDREN
BROUGHT TO JESUS.

*Suffer that little children come to me,
Forbid them not.* Emboldened by his words,
The mothers onward press; but, finding vain
The attempt to reach the Lord, they trust their babes
To strangers' hands: The innocents, alarmed
Amid the throng of faces all unknown,
Shrink, trembling,—till their wandering eyes discern
The countenance of JESUS, beaming love
And pity; eager then they stretch their arms,
And, cowering, lay their heads upon his breast.

JESUS

CALMS THE TEMPEST.



THE roaring tumult of the billowed sea
Awakes him not : high on the crested surge,
Now heaved, his locks flow streaming in the blast ;
And, now descending, 'tween the sheltering waves,
The falling tresses veil the face divine :
Meek though that veil a momentary gleam,
Benignant, shines ; he dreams that he beholds
The opening eyes,---that long hopeless had rolled
In darkness,---look around bedimmed with tears
Of joy ; but, suddenly, the voice of fear
Dispelled the happy vision : Awful he rose,
Rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea,
Peace, be thou still ! and straight there was a calm,
With terror-mingled gladness in their looks,
The mariners exclaim,---*What man is this,*
That even the wind and sea obey his voice !

JESUS WALKS ON THE SEA,

AND

CALMS THE STORM.

Loud blew the storm of night; the thwarting surge
 Dashed, boiling on the labouring bark: Dismay,
 From face to face reflected, spread around:—
 When, lo! upon a towering wave is seen
 The semblance of a foamy wreath, upright,
 Move onward to the ship: The helmsman starts,
 And quits his hold; the voyagers, appalled,
 Shrink from the fancied Spirit of the Flood:
 But when the voice of JESUS, with the storm
 Soft mingled, *It is I, be not afraid,*
 Fear fled, and joy lightened from eye to eye.
 Up he ascends, and, from the rolling side,
 Surveys the tumult of the sea and sky

With transient look severe: The tempest, awed,
Sinks to a sudden calm; the clouds disperse;
The moon-beam trembles on the face divine,
Reflected mildly in the unruffled deep.

THE DUMB CURED.

His eyes uplifted, and his hands close clasped,
The dumb man, with a supplicating look,
Turned, as the Lord passed by : JESUS beheld,
And on him bent a pitying look, and spake :
His moving lips are by the suppliant seen,
And the last accents of the healing sentence
Ring in that ear which never heard before.
Prostrate the man restored falls to the earth,
And uses first the gift, the gift sublime,
Of speech, in giving thanks to him, whose voice
Was never uttered but in doing good.

THE
DEATH OF JESUS.

'Tis finished : he spake the words, and bowed
His head, and died.—Beholding him far off,
They, who had ministered unto him, hope,—
'Tis his last agony : The Temple's vail
Is rent ; revealing the most holy place,
Wherein the cherubims their wings extend,
O'ershadowing the mercy-seat of God.
Appalled, the leaning soldier feels the spear
Shake in his grasp ; the planted standard falls
Upon the heaving ground : The sun is dimmed,
And darkness shrouds the body of the Lord.

THE
RESURRECTION.

THE setting orb of night her level ray
Shed o'er the land, and, on the dewy sward,
The lengthened shadows of the triple cross
Were laid far stretched,—when in the east arose,
Last of the stars, day's harbinger: No sound
Was heard, save of the watching soldier's foot:
Within the rock-barred sepulchre, the gloom
Of deepest midnight brooded o'er the dead,
The holy one; but, lo! a radiance faint
Began to dawn around his sacred brow:
The linen vesture seemed a snowy weath,
Drifted by storms into a mountain cave:
Bright, and more bright, the circling halo beamed
Upon that face, clothed in a smile benign,
Though yet exanimate. Nor long the reign
Of death; the eyes, that wept for human griefs,

Unclose, and look around with conscious joy :
Yes; with returning life, the first emotion
That glowed in Jesus' breast of love, was joy
At man's redemption, now complete ; at death
Disarmed ; the grave transformed into the couch
Of faith ; the resurrection and the life.
Majestical he rose ; trembled the earth ;
The ponderous gate of stone was rolled away ;
The keepers fell ; the angel, awe-struck, shrunk
Into invisibility, while forth
The Saviour of the World walked, and stood
Before the sepulchre, and viewed the clouds
Empurpled glorious by the rising sun.

JESUS

APPEARS TO THE DISCIPLES.

THE evening of that day, which saw the Lord
Rise from the chambers of the dead, was come.
His faithful followers, assembled, sang
A hymn, low-breathed; a hymn of sorrow, blent
With hope;—when, in the midst, sudden he stood.
The awe-struck circle backward shrink; he looks
Around with a benignant smile of love,
And says, *Peace be unto you*: faith and joy
Spread o'er each face, amazed:—as when the moon,
Pavilioned in dark clouds, mildly comes forth,
Silvering a circlet in the fleecy rack.

PAUL ACCUSED

BEFORE THE

TRIBUNAL OF THE AREOPAGUS.

LISTEN, that voice ! upon the hill of Mars,
 Rolling in bolder thunders, than e'er pealed
 From lips that shook the Macedonian throne ;
 Behold his dauntless outstretched arm, his face
 Illumed of heaven :—he knoweth not the fear
 Of man, of principalities, of powers.
 The Stoic's moveless frown ; the vacant stare
 Of Epicurus' herd ; the scowl and gnash malign
 Of Superstition, stopping both her ears ;
 The Areopagite tribunal dread,
 From whence the doom of SOCRATES was uttered ;—
 This hostile throng dismays him not ; he seems,

As if no worldly object could inspire
A terror in his soul ;—as if the vision,
Which, when he journeyed to Damascus, shone
From heaven, still swam before his eyes,
Out-dazzling all things earthly ; as if the voice,
That spake from out the effulgence, ever rang
Within his ear, inspiring him with words,
Burning, majestic, lofty, as his theme,—
The resurrection, and the life to come.

PAUL ACCUSED

BEFORE THE

ROMAN GOVERNOR OF JUDEA.

THE Judge ascended to the judgment-seat.
Amid a gleam of spears the Apostle stood.
Dauntless, he forward came ; and looked around,
And raised his voice, at first, in accents low,
Yet clear ; a whisper spread among the throng :—
So when the thunder mutters, still the breeze
Is heard, at times, to sigh ; but when the peal,
Tremendous, louder rolls, a silence dead
Succeeds each pause,—moveless the aspen leaf.
Thus fixed, and motionless, the listening band
Of soldiers forward leaned, as from the man,
Inspired of God, truth's awful thunders rolled.
No more he feels, upon his high raised arm,

The ponderous chain, than does the playful child
The bracelet, formed of many a flowery link.
Heedless of self, forgetful that his life
Is now to be defended by his words,
He only thinks of doing good to them
Who seek his life; and, while he reasons high
Of justice, temperance, and the life to come,
The Judge shrinks trembling at the prisoner's voice.

JANUARY

THE

RURAL CALENDAR.

THE
RURAL CALENDAR

JANUARY.

9

LONG ere the snow-veiled dawn, the bird of morn
His wings quick claps, and sounds his cheering call :
The cottage hinds the glimmering lantern trim,
And to the barn wade, sinking, in the drift ;
The alternate flails bounce from the loosened sheaf.
Pleasant these sounds ! they sleep to slumber change ;
Pleasant to him, whom no laborious task
Whispers, *arise!*—whom neither love of gain,
Nor love of power, nor hopes, nor fears, disturb.

Late daylight comes at last, and the strained eye
Shrinks from the dazzling brightness of the scene,—
One wide expanse of whiteness uniform.
As yet no wandering footstep has defaced
The spotless plain, save where some wounded hare,

Wrenched from the springe, has left a blood-stained track.

How smooth are all the fields! sunk every fence;
The furrow, here and there, heaped to a ridge,
O'er which the sidelong plough-shaft scarcely peers.

Cold blows the north-wind o'er the dreary waste.—
O ye that shiver by your blazing fires,
Think of the inmates of yon hut, half sunk
Beneath the drift: from it no smoke ascends;
The broken straw-filled pane excludes the light,
But ill excludes the blast: The redbreast there
For shelter seeks, but short, ah! very short
His stay; no crumbs, strewn careless on the floor,
Attract his wistful glance;—to warmer roofs
He flies; a welcome,—soon a fearless guest,
He cheers the winter day with summer songs.

Short is the reign of day, tedious the night.
The city's distant lights arrest my view,
And magic fancy whirls me to the scene.
There vice and folly run their giddy rounds;
There eager crowds are hurrying to the sight
Of feigned distress, yet have not time to hear
The shivering orphan's prayer. The flaring lamps
Of gilded chariots, like the meteor eyes
Of mighty giants, famed in legends old,

Illume the snowy street; the silent wheels
On heedless passenger steal unperceived,
Bearing the splendid fair to flutter round
Amid the flowery labyrinths of the dance.
But, hark! the merry catch: good social souls
Sing on, and drown dull care in bumpers deep;
The bell, snow-muffled, warns not of the hour;
For scarce the sentenced felon's watchful ear
Can catch the softened knell, by which he sums
The hours he has to live. Poor hopeless wretch!
His thoughts are horror, and his dreams despair;
And ever as he, on his strawy couch,
Turns heavily, his chains and fetters, grating,
Awake the inmates of some neighbouring cell,
Who bless their lot, that *debt* is all *their* crime.

FEBRUARY.

THE treacherous fowler, in the drifted wreath,
 The snare conceals, and strews the husky lure,
 Tempting the famished fowls of heaven to light :
 They light ; the captive strives in vain to fly,
 Scattering around, with fluttering wing, the snow.
 Amid the untrod snows, oft let me roam
 Far up the lonely glen, and mark its change ;
 The frozen rill's hoarse murmur scarce is heard ;
 The rocky cleft, the fairy bourne smoothed up,
 Repeat no more my solitary voice.

Now to the icy plain the city swarms.
 In giddy circles, whirling variously,
 The skater fleetly thrids the mazy throng,
 While smaller wights the sliding pastime ply.
 Unhappy he, of poverty the child !

Who, barefoot, standing, eyes his merry mates,
And, shivering, weeps, not for the biting cold,
But that he cannot join their slippery sport.

Trust not incautiously the smooth expanse;
For oft a treacherous thaw, ere yet perceived,
Saps by degrees the solid-seeming mass :
At last the long piled mountain snows dissolve,
Bursting the roaring river's brittle bonds ;
The shattered fragments down the cataract shoot,
And, sinking in the boiling deep below,
At distance re-appear, then sweep along,
Marking their height upon the half-sunk trees.

No more the ploughman hurls the sounding quoit ;
The loosened glebe demands the rusted share,
And slow the toiling team plods o'er the field.
But oft, ere half the winding task be done,
Returning frost again usurps the year,
Fixing the ploughshare in the unfinished fur ;
And still, at times, the flaky shower descends,
Whitening the plain, save where the wheaten blade
Peering, uplifts its green and hardy head,
As if just springing from a soil of snow.

While yet the night is long, and drear, and chill,
Soon as the slanting sun has sunk from view,

The sounding anvil cheerily invites
The weary hind to leave his twinkling fire,
And bask himself before the furnace glare;
Where, blest with unbought mirth, the rustic ring,
Their faces tinted by the yellow blaze,
Beguile the hours, nor envy rooms of state.

MARCH.

THE ravaged fields, waste, colourless, and bleak,
 Retreating Winter leaves, with angry frown,
 And lingering on the distant snow-streaked hills,
 Displays the motley remnants of his reign.

With shouldered spade, the labourer to the field
 Hies, joyful that the softened glebe gives leave
 To toil ; no more his children cry for bread,
 Or, shivering, crowd around the scanty fire ;
 No more he's doomed, reluctant, to receive
 The pittance, which the rich man proudly gives,
 Who, when he gives, thinks heaven itself obliged.
 Vain man ! think not there's merit in the boon,
 If, quitting not one comfort, not one joy,
 The sparkling wine still circles round thy board,

Thy hearth still blazes, and the sounding strings,
Blent with the voice symphonious, charm thine ear.

The redbreast now, at morn, resumes his song,
And larks, high soaring, wing their spiral flight,
While the light-hearted ploughboy singing, blythe,
The broom, the bonny broom of Cowdenknows,
Fills with delight the wandering townsman's ear;
May be, though carolled rude in artless guise,
Sad Flodden field, of Scotia's lays most sweet,
Most mournful, dims, with starting tear, his eye.
Nor silent are the upland leas; cheerily
The partridge now her tuneless call repeats,
Or, bursting unexpected from the brake,
Startles the milkmaid singing o'er the ridge.
Nor silent are the chilly leafless woods;
The thrush's note is heard amid the grove,
Soon as the primrose, from the withered leaves
Smiling, looks out: Rash floweret! oft betrayed,
By summer-seeming days, to venture forth
Thy tender form,—the killing northern blast,
Will wrap thee lifeless in a hoar-frost shroud.

APRIL.



DESCEND, sweet April, from yon watery bow,
And, liberal, strew the ground with budding flowers,
With leafless crocus, leaf-veiled violet,
Auricula, with powdered cup, primrose
That loves to lurk below the hawthorn shade.
At thy approach health re-illumes the eye :
Even pale Consumption, from thy balmy breath,
Inhales delusive hope ; and, dreaming still
Of length of days, basks in some sunny plat,
And decks her half-foreboding breast with flowers,—
With flowers, which else would have survived the hand
By which they're pulled. But they will bloom again :
The daisy, spreading on the greensward grave,
Fades, dies, and seems to perish, yet revives.
Shall man for ever sleep ? Cruel the tongue,

That, with sophistic art, snatches from pain,
Disease, and grief, and want, that antidote,
Which makes the wretched smile, the hopeless hope.

Light now the western gale sweeps o'er the plain ;
Gently it waves the rivulet's cascade ;
Gently it parts the lock on beauty's brow,
And lifts the tresses from the snowy neck,
And bends the flowers, and makes the lily stoop,
As if to kiss its image in the wave ;
Or curls, with softest breath, the glassy pool,
Aiding the treachery of the mimic fly ;
While, warily, behind the half-leaved bush,
The angler screened, with keenest eye intent,
Awaits the sudden rising of the trout :
Down dips the feathery lure ; the quivering rod
Bends low ; in vain the cheated captive strives
To break the yielding line ; exhausted soon,
Ashore he's drawn, and, on the mossy bank
Weltering, he dyes the primrose with his blood.

M A Y.



ON blythe May morning, when the lark's first note
Ascends, on viewless wing, veiled in the mist,
The village maids then hie them to the woods,
To kiss the fresh dew from the daisy's brim;
Wandering in misty glades they lose their way,
And, ere aware, meet in their lovers' arms,
Like joining dew-drops on the blushing rose.

Sweet month! thy locks with bursting buds be-
decked,
With opening hyacinths, and hawthorn blooms,
Fair still thou art, though showers bedim thine eye;
The cloud soon quits thy brow, and, mild, the sun
Looks out with watery beam, looks out; and smiles.

Now, from the wild flower bank, the little bird
Picks the soft moss, and to the thicket flies ;
And oft returns, and oft the work renews,
Till all the curious fabric hangs complete :
Alas ! but ill concealed from schoolboy's eye,
Who, heedless of the warbler's saddest plaint,
Tears from the bush the toil of many an hour ;
Then, thoughtless wretch ! pursues the devious bee,
Buzzing from flower to flower : She wings her flight,
Far from his following eye, to walled parterres,
Where, undisturbed, she revels 'mid the beds
Of full-blown lilies, doomed to die unculled,
Save when the stooping fair (more beauteous flower !)
The bosom's rival brightness half betrays,
While chusing 'mong the gently bending stalks,
The snowy hand a sister blossom seems.

More sweet to me the lily's meekened grace
Than gaudy hues, brilliant as summer clouds
Around the sinking sun : to me more sweet
Than garish day, the twilight's softened grace,
When deepening shades obscure the dusky woods ;
Then comes the silence of the dewy hour,
With songs of noontide birds, thrilling in fancy's ear,
While from yon elm, with water-kissing boughs,
Along the moveless winding of the brook,

The smooth expanse is calmness, stillness all,
Unless the springing trout, with quick replunge,
Arousing meditation's downward look,
Ruffle, with many a gently circling wave
On wave, the glassy surface undulating far.

JUNE.



SHORT is the reign of night, and almost blends
The evening twilight with the morning dawn.
Mild hour of dawn! thy wide-spread solitude,
And placid stillness, sooth even misery's sigh:
Deep the distress that cannot feel thy charm!—
As yet the thrush roosts on the bloomy spray,
With head beneath his dew-besprinkled wing,
When, roused by my lone tread, he lightly shakes
His ruffling plumes, and chaunts the untaught note,
Soon followed by the woodland choir, warbling
Melodiously the oft-repeated song,
Till noon-tide pour the torpor-shedding ray.
Then is the hour to seek the sylvan bank
Of lonely stream, remote from human haunt;
To mark the wild bee voyaging, deep-toned,

Low weighing down each floweret's tender stalk;
To list the grasshopper's hoarse creaking chirp;
And then to let excursive fancy fly
To scenes, where roaring cannon drown the straining
 voice,
And fierce gesticulation takes the place
Of useless words. May be some Alpine brook,
That served to part two neighbouring shepherds' flocks,
Is now the limit of two hostile camps.
Weak limit! to be filled, ere evening star,
With heaps of slain: Far down thy rocky course,
The midnight wolf, lapping the gore-stained flood,
Gluts his keen thirst, and oft, and oft returns,
Unsated, to the purple, tepid stream.

But let me fly such scenes, which, even when feigned,
Distress. To Scotia's peaceful glens I turn,
And rest my eyes upon her waving fields,
Where now the scythe lays low the mingled flowers.
Ah, spare, thou pitying swain! a ridge-breadth round
The partridge nest; so shall no new-come lord—
To ope a vista to some distant spire—
Thy cottage raze; but, when the toilsome day
Is done, still shall the turf-laid seat invite
Thy weary limbs; there peace and health shall bless
Thy frugal fare, served by the unhired hand,
That seeks no wages save a parent's smile.

Thus glides the eve, while round the strawy roof
Is heard the bat's wing in the deep-hushed air,
And from the little field the corncraik's harsh,
Yet not displeasing note, the stillness breaks,
All the night long, till day-spring wake the lark.

JULY.



SLOW move the sultry hours. O, for the shield
Of darkening boughs, or hollow rock grotesque !

The pool transparent to its pebbly bed,
With here and there a slowly gliding trout,
Invites the throbbing, half reluctant, breast
To plunge : The dash re-echoes from the rocks,
And smooth, in sinuous course, the swimmer winds,
Now, with extended arms, rowing his way ;
And now, with sunward face, he floating lies ;
Till, blinded by the dazzling beam, he turns,
Then to the bottom dives, emerging soon
With stone, as trophy, in his waving hand :
Blythe days of jocund youth, now almost flown !
Meantime, far up the windings of the stream,
Where birken witchknots o'er the channel meet,
The sportive shriek, shrill, mingled with the laugh,

The bushes hung with beauty's white attire,
Tempt, yet forbid, the intrusive eye's approach.

Unhappy he, who, in this season, pent
Within the darksome gloom of city lane,
Pines for the flowery paths, and woody shades,
From which the love of lucre, or of power,
Enticed his youthful steps. In vain he turns
The rich descriptive page of THOMSON'S muse,
And strives to fancy that the lovely scenes
Are present: So the hand of childhood tries
To grasp the pictured bunch of fruit, or flowers,
But, disappointed, feels the canvas smooth:
So the caged lark, upon a withering turf,
Flutters from side to side, with quivering wings,
As if in act of mounting to the skies.

At noontide hour, from school, the little throng
Rush gaily, sporting o'er the enamelled mead.
Some strive to catch the bloom-perched butterfly;
And if they miss his mealy wings, the flower,
From which he flies, the disappointment soothes.
Others, so pale in look, in tattered garb,
Motley, with half-spun threads and cotton flakes,
Trudge, drooping, to the many-storied pile,
Where thousand spindles whirling stun the ear,
Confused: There, prisoned close, they wretched moil.

Sweet age, perverted from its proper end !
When childhood toils, the field should be the scene,—
To tend the sheep, or homeward drive the herd
Or, from the corn-ridge, scare the pilfering rooks,
Or to the mowers bear the milky pail.
But, Commerce, Commerce, Manufactures, still
Weary the ear ; health, morals, all must yield
To pamper the monopolising few,
To make a wealthy, but a wretched state.
Blest be the generous band, that would restore
To honour due the long-neglected plough !
From it expect peace, plenty, virtue, health :
Compare with it, Britannia, all thine isles
Beyond the Atlantic wave ! thy trade ! thy ships
Deep-fraught with blood !

But let me quit such themes ! and, peaceful, roam
The winding glen, where now the wild-rose pale
And garish broom, strew, with their fading flowers,
The narrow greenwood path. To me more sweet
The greenwood path, half hid, 'neath brake and briar,
Than pebbled walks so trim ; more dear to me
The daisied plat, before the cottage door,
Than waveless sea of widely spreading lawn,
'Mid which some insulated mansion towers,
Spurning the humble dwellings from its proud domain.

AUGUST.



FAREWELL, sweet summer, and thy fading flowers !
 Farewell, sweet summer, and thy woodland songs !
 No woodland note is heard, save where the hawk,
 High from her eyry, skims in circling flight,
 With all her clamorous young, first venturing forth
 On untried wing : At distance far, the sound
 Alarms the barn-door flock ; the fearful dam
 Calls in her brood beneath her ruffling plumes ;
 With crowding feet they stand, and frequent peep
 Through the half-opened wing. The partridge quakes
 Among the rustling corn. Ye gentle tribes,
 Think not your deadliest foe is now at hand.
 To man, bird, beast, *man* is the deadliest foe ;
 'Tis he who wages universal war.
 Soon as his murderous law gives leave to wound

The heathfowl, dweller on the mountain wild,
The sportsman, anxious, watching for the dawn,
Lies turning, while his dog, in happy dreams,
With feeble bark anticipates the day.
Some, ere the dawn steals o'er the deep blue lake,
The hill ascend : vain is their eager haste,—
The dog's quick breath is heard panting around,
But neither dog, nor springing game, is seen
Amid the floating mist ; short interval
Of respite to the trembling dewy wing.
Ah, many a bleeding wing, ere mid-day hour,
Shall vainly flap the purple bending heath.—
Fatigued, at noon, the spoiler seeks the shade
Of some lone oak, fast by the rocky stream,—
The hunter's rest, in days of other years,
When sad the voice of Cona, in the gale,
Lamentingly the song of Selma sung.

How changeful, Caledonia, is thy clime !
Where is the sun-beam that but now so bright
Played on the dimpling brook ? Dark o'er the heath
A deepening gloom is hung ; from clouds, high piled
On clouds, glances the sudden flash ; the thunder,
Reverberated 'mong the cliffs, rolls far ;
Nor pause ; but ere the echo of one peal
Has ceased, another, louder still, the ear appals.
The sporting lamb hastes to its mother's side ;

The shepherd stoops into the mountain-cave,
At every momentary flash illumed
Back to its innermost recess, where gleams
The vaulted spar; the eagle, sudden smote,
Falls to the ground lifeless; beneath the wave
The sea-fowl plunges; fast the rain descends;
The whitened streams, from every mountain side,
Rush to the valley, tinging far the lake.

SEPTEMBER.

GRADUAL the woods their varied tints assume;
 The hawthorn reddens, and the rowan-tree
 Displays its ruby clusters, seeming sweet,
 Yet harsh, disfiguring the fairest face.

At sultry hour of noon, the reaper band
 Rest from their toil, and in the lusty stook
 Their sickles hang. Around their simple fare,
 Upon the stubble spread, blythesome they form
 A circling groupe, while humbly waits behind
 The wistful dog, and with expressive look,
 And pawing foot, implores his little share.

The short repast, seasoned with simple mirth,
 And not without the song, gives place to sleep.

With sheaf beneath his head, the rustic youth
Enjoys sweet slumbers, while the maid he loves
Steals to his side, and screens him from the sun.

But not by day alone the reapers toil :
Oft in the moon's pale ray the sickle gleams,
And heaps the dewy sheaf;—thy changeful sky,
Poor Scotland, warns to seize the hour serene.

The gleaners, wandering with the morning ray,
Spread o'er the new-reaped field. Tottering old age,
And lisping infancy, are there, and she
Who better days has seen.—

No shelter now
The covey finds; but, hark! the murderous tube.
Exultingly the deep-mouthed spaniel bears
The fluttering victim to his master's foot:
Perhaps another, wounded, flying far,
Eludes the eager following eye, and drops
Among the lonely furze, to pine and die.

OCTOBER.

WITH hound and horn, o'er moor, and hill, and dale,
 The chace sweeps on; no obstacle they heed,
 Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor wood, nor river wide.
 The clamorous pack rush rapid down the vale,
 Whilst o'er yon brushwood tops, at times, are seen
 The moving branches of the victim stag:
 Soon far beyond he stretches o'er the plain.
 O, may he safe elude the savage rout,
 And may the woods be left to peace again!

Hushed are the faded woods; no song is heard,
 Save where the redbreast mourns the falling leaf.
 At close of shortened day, the reaper, tired,
 With sickle on his shoulder, homeward hies.
 Night comes with threatening storm, first whispering
 low,

Sighing amid the boughs; then, by degrees,
With violence redoubled at each pause,
Furious it rages, scaring startled sleep.
The river roars. Long-wished, at last, the dawn,
Doubtful, peeps forth; the winds are hushed, and sleep
Lights on the eyes unsullied with a tear;
Nor flies, but at the plough-boy's whistle gay,
Or hunter's horn, or sound of hedger's bill.
Placid the sun shoots through the half-stript grove;
The grove's sere leaves float down the dusky flood.

The happy schoolboy, whom the swollen streams,
Perilous to wight so small, give holiday,
Forth roaming, now wild berries pulls, now paints,
Artless, his rosy cheek with purple hue;
Now wonders that the nest, hung in the leafless thorn,
So full in view, escaped erewhile his search;
On tiptoe raised,—ah, disappointment dire!
His eager hand finds nought but withered leaves.

Night comes again; the cloudless canopy
Is one bright arch,—myriads, myriads of stars.
To him who wanders 'mong the silent woods,
The twinkling orbs beam through the leafless boughs,
Which erst excluded the meridian ray.

NOVEMBER.

LANGUID the morning beam slants o'er the lea ;
The hoary grass, crisp, crackles 'neath the tread.

On the haw-clustered thorns, a motley flock
Of birds, of various plume, and various note,
Discordant chirp ; the linnet, and the thrush
With speckled breast, the blackbird yellow-beaked,
The goldfinch, fieldfare, with the sparrow, pert
And clamorous above his shivering mates,
While, on the house-top, faint the redbreast plains.

Where do ye lurk, ye houseless commoners,
When bleak November's sun is overcast ;
When sweeps the blast fierce through the deepest
groves,
Driving the fallen leaves in whirling wreaths ;

When scarce the raven keeps her bending perch;
When dashing cataracts are backward blown?

A deluge pours; loud comes the river down:
The margin trees now insulated seem,
As if they in the midway current grew.
Oft let me stand upon the giddy brink,
And chace, with following gaze, the whirling foam,
Or woodland wreck: Ah me, that broken branch,
Sweeping along, may tempt some heedless boy,
Sent by his needy parents to the woods
For brushwood gleanings for their evening fire,
To stretch too far his little arm!—he falls,
He sinks. Long is he looked for, oft he's called;
His homeward whistle oft is fancied near:
His playmates find him on the oozy bank,
And, in his stiffened grasp, the fatal branch.

Short is the day; dreary the boisterous night:
At intervals the moon gleams through the clouds,
And, now and then, a star is dimly seen.

When daylight breaks, the woodman leaves his hut,
And oft the axe's echoing stroke is heard;
At last the yielding oak's loud crash resounds,
Crushing the humble hawthorn in its fall.
The husbandman slow plods from ridge to ridge,
Disheartened, and rebuilds his prostrate sheaves.

DECEMBER.

WHERE late the wild flower bloomed, the brown leaf
lies ;

Not even the snow-drop cheers the dreary plain :
The famished birds forsake each leafless spray,
And flock around the barn-yard's winnowing store.

Season of social mirth ! of fireside joys !
I love thy shortened day, when, at its close,
The blazing tapers, on the jovial board,
Dispense o'er every care-forgetting face
Their cheering light, and harmless mirth abounds,
Now far be banished, from our social ring,
The party wrangle fierce, the argument
Deep, learned, metaphysical, and dull,
Oft dropt, as oft again renewed, endless :

Rather I'd hear stories twice ten times told,
Or vapid joke, filched from Joe Miller's page,
Or tale of ghost, hobgoblin dire, or witch ;
Nor would I, with a proud fastidious frown,
Proscribe the laugh-provoking pun ; absurd
Although it be, and hard to be discerned,
It serves the purpose, if it shake our sides.
Now let the temperate cup inspire the song,
The catch, the glee ; or list ! the melting lays
Of Scotia's pastoral vales,—they ever please.

Loud blows the blast ; while, sheltered from its
 rage,
The social circle feel their joys enhanced.
Ah, little think they of the storm-tossed ship,
Amid the uproar of the winds and waves,
The waves unseen, save by the lightning's glare,
Or cannon's flash, sad signal of distress.
The trembling crew each moment think they feel
The shock of sunken rock :—at last they strike :
Borne on the blast, their dying voices reach,
Faintly, the sea-girt hamlet ; help is vain :
The morning light discloses to the view
The mast alternate seen and hid, as sinks
Or heaves the surge. The early village maid
Turns pale, like clouds when o'er the moon they glide ;

She thinks of her true love, far, far at sea;
Mournful, the live long day she turns her wheel,
And ever and anon her head she bends,
While with the flax she dries the trickling tear,

WILD DUCK AND HER BROOD.

The thought of her true love, had but a faint
 remembrance, the first time that she found her school
 And now she knew her heart's delight,
 If she with him she did the trifling race,
 And now she knew her heart's delight,
 If she with him she did the trifling race,
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THE
WILD DUCK AND HER BROOD.

How calm that little lake ! no breath of wind
Sighs through the reeds ; a clear abyss it seems
Held in the concave of the inverted sky,—
In which is seen the rook's dull flagging wing
Move o'er the silvery clouds. How peaceful sails
Yon little fleet, the wild duck and her brood !
Fearless of harm, they row their easy way ;
The water-lily, 'neath the plummy prows,
Dips, re-appearing in their dimpled track.
Yet, even amid that scene of peace, the noise
Of war, unequal, dastard war, intrudes.
Yon revel rout of men, and boys, and dogs,
Boisterous approach ; the spaniel dashes in ;
Quick he descries the prey, and faster swims,
And eager barks : the harmless flock, dismayed,

Hasten to gain the thickest grove of reeds,
All but the parent pair; they, floating, wait
To lure the foe, and lead him from their young;
But soon themselves are forced to seek the shore.
Vain then the buoyant wing; the leaden storm
Arrests their flight; they, fluttering, bleeding fall,
And tinge the troubled bosom of the lake.

TO

A REDBREAST,

THAT FLEW IN AT MY WINDOW.

FROM snowy plains, and icy sprays,
From moonless nights, and sunless days,
Welcome, poor bird ! I'll cherish thee ;
I love thee, for thou trustest me.
Thrice welcome, helpless, panting guest !
Fondly I'll warm thee in my breast :—
How quick thy little heart is beating !
As if its brother flutterer greeting.
Thou need'st not dread a captive's doom ;
No ! freely flutter round my room ;
Perch on my lute's remaining string,
And sweetly of sweet summer sing.

That note, that summer note, I know ;
It wakes, at once, and soothes my woe,—
I see those woods, I see that stream,
I see,—ah, still prolong the dream !
Still, with thy song, those scenes renew,
Though through my tears they reach my view.

No more now, at my lonely meal,
While thou art by, alone I'll feel ;
For soon, devoid of all distrust,
Thou'lt, nibbling, share my humble crust ;
Or on my finger, pert and spruce,
Thou'lt learn to sip the sparkling juice ;
And when (our short collation o'er)
Some favourite volume I explore,
Be't work of poet or of sage,
Safe thou shalt hop across the page ;
Unchecked, shalt flit o'er VIRGIL's groves,
Or flutter 'mid TIBULLUS' loves.
Thus, heedless of the raving blast,
Thou'lt dwell with me till winter's past ;
And when the primrose tells 'tis spring,
And when the thrush begins to sing,
Soon as I hear the woodland song,
Freed, thou shalt join the vocal throng.

EPITAPH

ON A BLACKBIRD, KILLED BY A HAWK.



WINTER was o'er, and spring-flowers decked the glade;
The Blackbird's note among the wild woods rung :
Ah, short-lived note ! the songster now is laid
Beneath the bush, on which so sweet he sung.

Thy jetty plumes, by ruthless falcon rent,
Are now all soiled among the mouldering clay ;
A primrosed turf is all thy monument,
And, for thy dirge, the Redbreast lends his lay.

THE

POOR MAN'S FUNERAL.

Yon motley, sable-suited throng, that wait
 Around the poor man's door, announce a tale
 Of woe ; the husband, parent, is no more.
 Contending with disease, he laboured long,
 By penury compelled ; yielding at last,
 He laid him down to die ; but, lingering on
 From day to day, he, from his sickbed, saw,
 Heart-broken quite, his childrens' looks of want
 Veiled in a clouded smile ; alas ! he heard
 The elder, lispingly, attempt to still
 The younger's plaint,—languid he raised his head,
 And thought he yet could toil, but sunk
 Into the arms of death, the poor man's friend.

The coffin is borne out; the humble pomp
Moves slowly on; the orphan mourner's hand
(Poor helpless child!) just reaches to the pall.
And now they pass into the field of graves,
And now around the narrow house they stand,
And view the plain black board sink from the sight.
Hollow the mansion of the dead resounds,
As falls each spadeful of the bone-mixed mould.
The turf is spread; uncovered is each head,—
A last farewell: all turn their several ways.
Woes me! those tear-dimmed eyes, that sobbing
breast!

Poor child! thou thinkest of the kindly hand
That wont to lead thee home: no more that hand
Shall aid thy feeble gait, or gently stroke
Thy sun-bleached head, and downy cheek.
But go, a mother waits thy homeward steps;
In vain her eyes dwell on the sacred page,—
Her thoughts are in the grave; 'tis thou alone,
Her first-born child, canst rouse that statue gaze
Of woe profound. Haste to the widowed arms;
Look with thy father's look, speak with his voice,
And melt a heart that else will break with grief.

TO
ENGLAND,

ON
THE SLAVE TRADE.

OF all thy foreign crimes, from pole to pole,
None moves such indignation in my soul,
Such hate, such deep abhorrence, as thy *trade*
In human beings !
Thy ignorance thou dar'st to plead no more ;
The proofs have thundered from the Afric shore.
Behold, behold, yon rows ranged over rows,
Of dead with dying linked in death's last throes.
Behold a single victim of despair,
Dragged upon deck to gasp the ocean air ;
Devoid of fear, he hears the tempest rise,—
The ship descending 'tween the waves, he eyes
With eager hope ; he thinks his woes shall end :
Sunk in despair he sees her still ascend.

What barbarous race are authors of his woe?
With freights of fetters, who the vessel stow?
Who forge the torture-irons, who plait the scourge?
Whose navies shield the pirates o'er the surge?
Who, from the mother's arms, the clinging child
Tears? It is England,—merciful and mild!
Most impious race, who brave the watery realm
In blood-fraught barks, with Murder at the helm!
Who trade in tortures, profit draw from pain,
And even whose mercy is but love of gain!
Whose human cargoes carefully are packt,
By rule and square, *according to the Act!*—
And is that gore-drenched flag by you unfurled,
Champions of right, knights-errant of the world?
“Yes, yes,” your Commons said, “*Let such things be,*
“*If OTHERS rob and murder, why not WE?*”
In the smoothed speech, and in the upraised hand,
I hear the lash, I hear the fierce command;
Each guilty *nay* ten thousand crimes decreed,
And English *mercy* said, Let millions bleed!

SONG.

Tune—*Ettrick Banks.*

O LASSIE, will ye gang wi' me,
 And dwell amang yon hielan' hills;—
 Trim is my skiff, saft rows the sea,
 The summer breeze the sail scarce fills.

The sea-bird on her white breast lights,
 And, floating trig, her feathers laves;
 Or on the wing, in wheeling flight,
 Darts at her image in the waves.

The hielan' hills, though bare and bleak,
 Hae bonny glens and shaws between,
 Whare blooms the wild-rose like thy cheek,
 And bluebells like thy downcast een.

What though nae houses, bien and braw
Rise proudly on yon heathery braes,—
A shielin is a lordly ha',
If there wi' thee I pass my days.

ANSWER.

Yes, laddie, I will gang wi' thee ;
Wi' thee I'll trust the faithless main ;
Wi' thee I'll live, wi' thee I'll die,
I fear na ought, if thou'rt my ain.

On heathery bents I'll lay my head,
Hardship, whan tholed for thee, has charms ;
Wi' thee I'll ask nae other bed,
Nae other shielin than thy arms.

SONG.

Tune—*If a Body meet a Body.*

O MARION is a bonny lass,
 There's glawmry in her smile;
 And yet by a' it is confest,
 That Marion's free frae guile.

Ilk rising thought, before she speaks,
 Ye maist wad think ye saw;
 An' then her voice comes like the breeze
 Blawn o'er the birken shaw.

Whane'er she sings, her artless notes
 In sweetness far exceed
 The echo, that, frae rock to rock,
 Repeats the shepherd's reed:

An' a' the while a wavering blush
Her modest fears discloses,
Like a bonny bird that sings embowered
Amang a bush o' roses.

Whan coming frae the fair wi' her,
Though e'er sae late at een,
The gloom is light, an hour's a blink,
The muir's a foggy green.

But what I like the best of a',
She says whan I'm beside her,
Be't light, be't dark, she never thinks
That skaith can e'er betide her.

SONG.

MAIDA, OR THE BEGINNIN' O'T.

Tune—*A Rock and a Wee Pickle Tow.*

AT Maida our Scotch lads gied Frenchmen a fleg,
 Was na that a guid beginnin' o't!
 For numbers maist double they cared na a feg;
 That was na an ill beginnin' o't.
 Puir Regnier drew up on the side o' a brae,
 Wi' a bog an' a wood atween him and the fae;
 But for braes, bogs, and woods, Scotchmen cared
 na a strae,
 An' they wist but to see the beginnin' o't.

Up the hill, like a misty cloud after a shower,
 Our lads breasted up to the winnin' o't;
 Frae the right to the left ilka face leukit doure,
 An' wist but to hear the beginnin' o't.
 Now the silence was dead, till *mak ready!* was heard,
 Syne click gied ilk lock; *level laigh* was the word:—
 Here and there some French braggers lay flat on
 the yird;
 Was na that a guid beginnin' o't!

But a' this was sport to the deeds o' the day,
For what was it but the beginnin' o't,—
Till STUART cries—*charge!* then hey for the fae,
And our callans push on to the winnin' o't.

But at the first clash that the bagonets gie,
The Frenchmen they swither, they stoiter, they
flee :

In the race, as in fechtin', our lads bear the gree,
O that was a bonny rinnin' o't!

THE
COTTAR'S LAMENT.

AN' maun we leave our heartsome hame,
To wander far awa';
An' maun we leave the glen sae lown,
Below the birken shaw;

An' maun our wee things nae mair wade,
An' paidle in the burn;
An' maun we a', baith auld and young,
Learn,—*Man was made to mourn!*

In some unhalesome, darksome town,
We'll, ablins, find a bield;
An' whan we're sick, the house o' dool
Our helpless heads will shield:

But nae kent faces there will sit
To watch the troubled hour ;
An' stranger's hands will turn the couch,
Wi' looks baith cauld and doure :

The bloom upon the infant cheeks,
That glint wi' thoughtless glee,
Will fade right fast ; and for the rose,
A sallow hue we'll see.

O then gif fok, wha hae the power,
This ae cot-house wad spare !
Our wee things' hands, up wa' and roof,
Wad train the woodbine fair.

A sweetbrier hedge we'd plant a' round,
To scent the gloamin' hour ;
And change a cottar's hamely hut
Into a bonny bower.

O gin the fok, wha hae the power,
Wad say the word---*remain* ;
What they in gowd and siller tint,
They wad in blessins gain :

Aye, nameless ways, by us unseen,
God weel or wae extends,
An' aften as the deed deserves,
Heaven's dew or blight descends,

THE
THANKSGIVING

OFF CAPE TRAFALGAR.

UPON the high, yet gently rolling wave,
The floating tomb that heaves above the brave,
Soft sighs the gale, that late tremendous roared,
Whelming the wretched remnants of the sword.
And now the cannon's peaceful summons calls
The victor bands, to mount their wooden walls,
And from the ramparts, where their comrades fell,
The mingled strain of joy and grief to swell :
Fast they ascend, from stem to stern they spread,
And crowd the engines whence the lightnings sped :
The white-robed Priest his upraised hands extends ;
Hushed is each voice, attention leaning bends ;
Then from each prow the grand hosannas rise,
Float o'er the deep, and hover to the skies.

Heaven fills each heart; yet Home will oft intrude,
And tears of love celestial joys exclude.
The wounded man, who hears the soaring strain,
Lifts his pale visage, and forgets his pain;
While parting spirits, mingling with the lay,
On halleluiahs wing their heavenward way.

TO

MY SON.



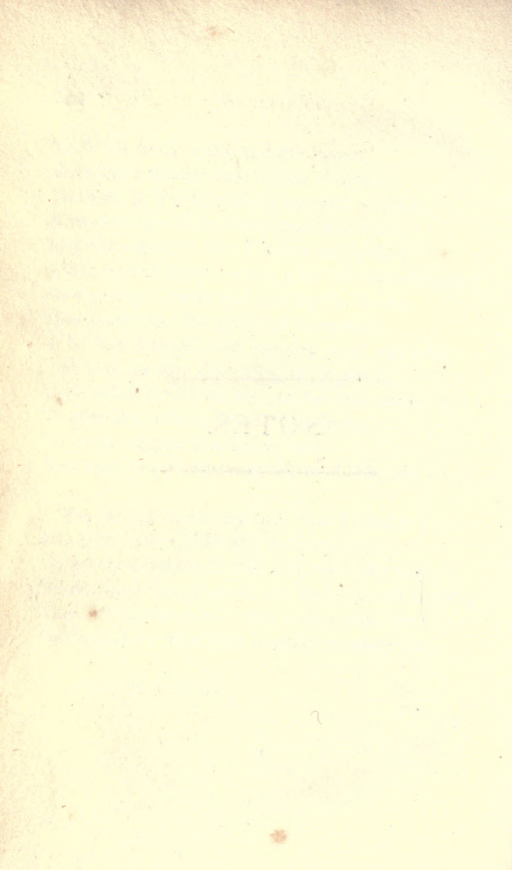
TWICE has the sun commenced his annual round,
Since first thy footsteps tottered o'er the ground;
Since first thy tongue was tuned to bless mine ear,
By faltering out the name to fathers dear.
O! nature's language, with her looks combined,
More precious far than periods thrice refined!
O! sportive looks of love, devoid of guile,
I prize you more than beauty's magic smile;
Yes, in that face, unconscious of its charm,
I gaze with bliss, unmingled with alarm.
Ah, no! full oft a boding horror flies
Athwart my fancy, uttering fateful cries.
Almighty Power! his harmless life defend,
And if we part, 'gainst me the mandate send.
And yet a wish will rise,—would I might live,
Till added years his memory firmness give!

For O! it would a joy in death impart,
To think, I still survived within his heart;
To think, he'll cast, midway the vale of years,
A retrospective look, bedimmed with tears;
And tell, regretful, how I looked and spoke;
What walks I loved; where grew my favourite oak;
How gently I would lead him by the hand;
How gently use the accent of command;
What lore I taught him, roaming wood and wild,
And how the man descended to the child;
How well I loved with him, on Sabbath morn,
To hear the anthem of the vocal thorn;
To teach religion, unallied to strife,
And trace to him, the way, the truth, the life.

But, far and farther still my view I bend,—
And now I see a child thy steps attend;—
To yonder churchyard-wall thou tak'st thy way,
While round thee, pleased, thou see'st the infant play;
Then lifting him, while tears suffuse thine eyes,
Pointing, thou tell'st him, *there thy grandsire lies.*

JANUARY 1, 1807.

NOTES.



NOTES
ON
THE SABBATH.

THAT the religious observance of one day in seven was a point of main importance under the Jewish and Christian dispensations, is evident, from the very strong terms in which the law commanding its observance is couched; from the anxious repetitions of that law, the judgments which the prophets denounced against its violation, the fulfilment of those denunciations, the strict observance of the Sabbath during the best times of the Jewish polity; and its observance by Christ, the apostles, and the primitive Christians. What is more material,—that the Sabbath was instituted, not as a mere *ritual observance*, but as an essential article of *moral duty*, is proved by this consideration, that one of the *objects* of the institution was—the amelioration of the lot of the laborious part of the creation, animals as well as men.—But the spirit of this admirable institu-

tion will be best illustrated, by bringing into *one* view some of those passages of scripture, whether preceptive, prophetic, or historical, in which the SABBATH is mentioned.

“Keep the Sabbath day, to sanctify it, as the Lord thy God hath commanded thee. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work. But the seventh day is the Sabbath] of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thine ox, nor thine ass, nor any of thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates; *that thy man-servant and thy maid-servant may rest as well as thou.* And remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and that the Lord thy God brought thee out thence through a mighty hand, and by an outstretched arm: therefore the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the Sabbath day.”—DEUT. v. 12—15.

“Ye shall keep my Sabbaths, and reverence my sanctuary: I am the Lord.”—LEV. xix. 30.

“Six days shall work be done; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of rest, an holy convocation: ye shall do no work therein; it is the Sabbath of the Lord in all your dwellings.”—LEV. xxiii. 3.

“Six days shalt thou do thy work, and on the seventh day thou shalt rest, *that thine ox and thine ass may rest, and the son of thy handmaid and the stranger may be refreshed.*”—EXOD. xxii. 12.

“Also the sons of the stranger that join themselves to the Lord, to serve him, and to love the name of the

Lord, to be his servants, every one that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and taketh hold of my covenant; even them will I bring to my holy mountain, and make them joyful in my house of prayer: their burnt-offerings and their sacrifices shall be accepted upon mine altar; for mine house shall be called an house of prayer for all people.”—ISA. lvi. 6, 7.

“ And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up, and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read. And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Esaias; and when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written, *The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.*”—LUKE, iv. 16—19.

“ And that day was the preparation, and the Sabbath drew on. And the women also which came with him from Galilee, followed after, and beheld the sepulchre, and how his body was laid. And they returned, and prepared spices and ointments, and rested the Sabbath day, according to the commandment.”—LUKE, xxiii. 54—56.

“ But when they departed from Perga, they came to Antioch in Pisidia, and went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and sat down. And after the reading of the law and the prophets, the rulers of the synagogue

sent unto them, saying, Ye men and brethren, if you have any word of exhortation for the people, say on. Then Paul stood up, and, beckoning with his hand, said, Men of Israel, and ye that fear God, give audience."—"For they that dwell at Jerusalem, and their rulers, because they knew him not, nor yet the voices of the prophets, which are read every Sabbath day, they have fulfilled them in condemning him."—"And when the Jews were gone out of the synagogue, the Gentiles besought them that these words might be preached to them the next Sabbath."—ACTS, xiii. 14, 15, 16, 27, 42.

"Hear this, O ye that swallow up the needy, even to make the poor of the land to fail, saying, When will the new moon be gone, that we may sell corn? and the Sabbath, that we may set forth wheat, making the ephah small and the shekel great, and falsifying the balances by deceit? That ye may buy the poor for silver, and the needy for a pair of shoes; yea, and sell the refuse of the wheat."—AMOS, viii. 4, 5, 6.

"If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable, and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasures, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord, and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."—ISA. lvii. 13, 14.

“ In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn towards the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary, to see the sepulchre. And, behold, there was a great earthquake; for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone, and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow. And for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men. And the angel answered, and said unto the women, Fear not ye; for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here; for he is risen, as he said: Come see the place where the Lord lay.”—MATTHEW, xxviii. 1.—6.

“ And on the Sabbath, he went out of the city by a river side, where prayer was wont to be made.”—ACTS, xvi. 13.

“ And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them, ready to depart on the morrow, and continued his speech until midnight.”—ACTS, xx. 7.

The toil-worn horse set free.—P. 4. l. 11.

“ A Sabbath day’s journey,” says an able and faithful labourer in the vineyard of the Lord, “ was, among the Jews, a proverbial expression for a very short one. Among us it can have no such meaning affixed to it. That day seems to be considered by too many, as set apart, by divine and human authority, for the purpose, not of *rest*, but of its direct opposite, the *labour of travelling*; thus adding one day more of torment to those

generous, but wretched animals, whose services they hire; and who, being generally strained beyond their strength the other six days of the week, have, of all creatures under heaven, the best and most equitable claim to suspension of labour on the seventh. Considerations such as these may perhaps appear to some below the dignity of this place, and the solemnity of a Christian assembly. But benevolence, even to the brute creation, is, in its degree, a duty, no less than to our own species; and it is mentioned by Solomon as a striking feature in the character of a righteous man, that 'he is merciful even to his beast.' HE, without whose permission 'not a sparrow falls to the ground, and who feedeth the young ravens that call upon him,' will not suffer even the meanest work of his hands to be treated cruelly with impunity. He is the common Father of the whole creation. He takes every part of it under his protection. He has, in various passages of scripture, expressed his concern even for irrational creatures, and has declared more especially, in the most explicit terms, that the rest of the Sabbath was meant *for our cattle and our servants*, as well as for ourselves."—
BISHOP PORTEUS.

Of giving thanks to God. P. 4. l. 24.

Though this usage did not originate in positive institution, yet our Lord may be said to have enjoined it by his example. Many are the instances that might be quoted. Even after his resurrection, he brake bread, and blessed it. "But they constrained him, saying,

Abide with us, for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent; and he went in to tarry with them. And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, *he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them.* And their eyes were opened, and they knew him, and he vanished out of their sight. And they said one to another, Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures? And they rose up the same hour, and returned to Jerusalem, and found the eleven gathered together, and them that were with them, saying, the Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon. And they told what things were done in the way, and how he was known of them in *breaking of bread.*—LUKE, xxiv. 20.—35.

Their constancy in torture and in death.

P. 10. l. 16.

The following passage from Bishop Burnet's History of his Own Time, will give some notion of the *kind*, though not of the *extent*, of that hideous persecution, from which the people of Scotland were delivered by the Revolution. "When any are to be struck in the boots, it is done in the presence of the council; and upon that occasion almost all offer to run away. The sight is so dreadful, that, without an order restraining such a number to stay, the board would be forsaken. But the duke, while he had been in Scotland, was so far from withdrawing, that he looked on all the while with an unmoved indifference, and with an attention, as if he had been to look on some curious experiment. This gave

a terrible idea of him to all that observed it, as of a man that had no bowels nor humanity in him. Lord Perth observing this, resolved to let him see how well qualified he was to be an inquisitor-general. The rule about the boots in Scotland was, that upon one witness, and presumptions, both together, the question might be given: But it was never known to be twice given, or that any other species of torture, besides the boots, might be used at pleasure. In the courts of inquisition, they do, upon suspicion, or if a man refuses to answer upon oath as he is required, give him the torture; and repeat it, or vary it, as often as they think fit; and do not give over, till they have got out of their mangled prisoners all that they have a mind to know from them.

“This Lord Perth resolved now to make his pattern; and was a little too early in letting the world see what a government we were to expect under the influence of a prince of that religion. So, upon his going to Scotland, one Spence, who was a servant of Lord Argyle’s, and was taken up at London, only upon suspicion, and sent down to Scotland, was required to take an oath to answer all the questions that should be put to him. This was done in a direct contradiction to an express law against obliging men to swear, that they will answer *super inquirendis*. Spence likewise said, that he himself might be concerned in what he might know; and it was against a very universal law, that excused all men from swearing against themselves, to force him to take such an oath. So he was struck in the boots, and continued firm in his refusal. Then a new species of torture was

invented: he was kept from sleep eight or nine nights. They grew weary of managing this; so a third species was invented: Little screws of steel were made use of, that screwed the thumbs with so exquisite a torment, that he sunk under this; for Lord Perth told him, they would screw every joint of his whole body, one after another, till he took the oath. Yet such was the firmness and fidelity of this poor man, that, even in that extremity, he capitulated, that no new questions should be put to him, but those already agreed on; and that he should not be a witness against any person, and that he himself should be pardoned: so all he could tell them was, who were Lord Argyle's correspondents. The chief of them was Holmes, at London, to whom Lord Argyle writ in a cypher, that had a particular curiosity in it. A double key was necessary: the one was, to show the way of placing the words, or cypher, in an order very different from that in which they lay on the paper; the other was, the key of the cyphers themselves, which was found among Holmes's papers when he absconded. Spence knew only the first of these; but he putting all in its true order, then by the other key they were decyphered. In these, it appeared what Argyle had demanded, and what he undertook to do upon the granting his demands: but none of his letters spoke any thing of any agreement then made.

“ When the torture had this effect on Spence, they offered the same oath to Carstairs: And, upon his refusing to take it, they put his thumbs in the screws and drew them so hard, that as they put him to extreme tor-

ture, so they could not unscrew them, till the smith that made them was brought with his tools to take them off. So he confessed all he knew, which amounted to little more than some discourses of taking of the duke; to which he said that he answered, his principles could not come up to that; yet in this he, who was a preacher among them, was highly to blame for not revealing such black propositions; though it cannot be denied, but that it is a hard thing to discover any thing that is said in confidence. And therefore I saved myself out of those difficulties, by saying to all my friends, that I would not be involved in any such confidence; for as long as I thought our circumstances were such that resistance was not lawful, I thought the concealing any design in order to it was likewise unlawful: And by this means I had preserved myself. But Carstairs had at this time some secrets of great consequence from Holland, trusted to him by Fagel, of which they had no suspicion; and so they asked him no questions about them. Yet Fagel saw by that, as he himself told me, how faithful Carstairs was, since he could have saved himself from torture, and merited highly, if he had discovered them. And this was the foundation of his favour with the Prince of Orange, and of the great confidence he put in him to his death.

“ Upon what was thus screwed out of these two persons, the Earl of Tarras, who had married the Duchess of Monmouth’s eldest sister, and six or seven gentlemen of quality, were clapt up. The ministers of state were still most earnestly set on Baillie’s destruction, though he

was now in so languishing a state, occasioned chiefly by the bad usage he met with in prison, that if his death would have satisfied the malice of the court, that seemed to be very near. Baillie's illness increased daily; and his wife prayed for leave to attend on him; and, if they feared an escape, she was willing to be put in irons: but that was denied. Nor would they suffer his daughter, a child of twelve years old, to attend him, even when he was so low, that it was not probable he could live many weeks, his legs being much swelled. But, upon these examinations, a new method in proceeding against him was taken. An accusation was sent him, not in the form of an indictment, nor grounded on any law, but on a letter of the king's; in which he charged him, not only for a conspiracy to raise rebellion, but for being engaged in the Rye-plot; of all which he was now required to purge himself by oath, otherwise the council would hold him guilty of it, and proceed accordingly. He was not, as they said, now in a criminal court upon his life, but before the council, who did only fine and imprison. It was to no purpose for him to say, that by no law, unless it was in a court of inquisition, a man could be required to swear against himself; the temptation to perjury being so strong, when self-preservation was in the case, that it seemed against all law and religion to lay such a snare in a man's way. But, to answer all this, it was pretended he was not now on his life, and that whatsoever he confessed was not to be made use of against his life; as if the ruin of his family, which consisted of nine children, and perpetual imprisonment, were not

more terrible, especially to one so near his end as he was, than death itself. But he had to do with an inexorable man; so he was required to take his oath within two days. And by that time, he not being able to appear before the council, a committee of council was sent to tender him the oath, and to take his examination. He told them he was not able to speak by reason of the low state of his health, which appeared very evidently to them; for he had almost died while they were with him. He in general protested his innocence, and his abhorrence of all designs against the king, or the duke's life. For the other interrogatories, he desired they might be left with him, and he would consider them. They persisted to require him to take this oath; but he as firmly refused it. So, upon their report, the council construed this refusal to be a confession; and fined him L. 6000, and ordered him to lie still in prison till it was paid. After this it was thought that this matter was at an end, and that this was a final sentence; but he was still kept shut up, and denied all attendance or assistance. He seemed all the while so composed, and even so cheerful, that his behaviour looked like the reviving of the spirit of the noblest of the old Greeks or Romans, or rather of the primitive Christians and first martyrs in those best days of the church. But the duke was not satisfied with all this. So the ministry applied their arts to Tarras, and the other prisoners, threatening them with all the extremities of misery, if they would not witness treasonable matter against Baillie. They also practised on their wives, and, frightening them, set them on their husbands.

In conclusion, they gained what had been so much laboured: Tarras, and one Murray of Philiphaugh, did depose some discourses that Baillie had with them before he went up to London, disposing them to a rebellion. In these they swelled up the matter beyond the truth. Yet all did not amount to a full proof; so the ministers, being afraid that a jury might not be so easy as they expected, ordered Carstairs' confession to be read in court; not as an evidence, (for that had been promised him should not be done,) but as that which would fully satisfy the jury, and dispose them to believe the witnesses. So Baillie was hurried on to a trial. And upon the evidence he was found guilty, and condemned to be executed that same day; so afraid they were lest death should be too quick for them. He was very little disturbed at all this; his languishing in so solitary a manner made death a very acceptable deliverance to him. He, in his last speech, shewed, that, in several particulars, the witnesses had wronged him. He still denied all knowledge of any design against the king's life, or the duke's; and denied any plot against the government. He thought it was lawful for subjects, being under such pressures, to try how they might be relieved from them; and their design never went further; but he would enter into no particulars. Thus a learned and worthy gentleman, after twenty months hard usage, was brought to such a death, in a way so full, in all the steps of it, of the spirit and practice of the courts of inquisition, that one is tempted to think, that the methods taken in it were suggested by one well studied, if not practised, in

them. The only excuse that was ever pretended for this infamous persecution was, that they were sure he was guilty; and that the whole secret of the negociation between the two kingdoms was trusted to him; and that, since he would not discover it, all methods might be taken to destroy him: not considering what a precedent they made on this occasion, by which, if men were once possessed of an ill opinion of a man, they were to spare neither artifice nor violence, but to hunt him down by any means."—It will surely be admitted, that the practice of torture, as a mode either of detection or conviction, is the consummation of injustice and tyranny.

July 22. 1668. Anna Ker, relict of Mr James Duncan, was brought before the council. "The lords caused bring in the boots before her, and gave her to five of the clock to think upon it, apprizing her, if she would not give her oath in the premises, she was to be tortured. In the afternoon Mrs Duncan continued firm to her purpose, and had certainly been put to torture, had not Rothes interposed, and told the council, *It was not proper for gentlewomen to wear boots.*"—WODROW, Vol. I. p. 994.

"Some time after Bothwell, George Forbes, a trooper in Captain Stewart's troop, then lying in Glasgow, came out one morning with a party of soldiers to the village of Langside, in the parish of Cathcart, not two miles from that city, and by force broke open the doors of John Mitchell, tenant there, his house, who, they alleged, had been at Bothwell. John was, that morning, happily out of the way, whereupon they seized Anna

Park, his wife, a singularly religious and sensible country woman, whose memory is yet savoury in that place, and pressed her to tell where her husband was. The good woman peremptorily refusing, they bound her, and put kindled matches between her fingers, to extort a discovery from her. Her torment was great; but her God strengthened her, and she endured, for some few hours, all they could do, with admirable patience, and both her hands were disabled for some time."—WODROW, Vol. II. p. 77.

A people doomed, &c.—P. 10. l. 23.

By the tyrannous and sanguinary laws that were passed between the year 1661, and the ever-memorable year of the Revolution, the whole inhabitants of extensive districts in the Lowlands of Scotland might be said to have lived under sentence of death.

Old men, and youths, and simple maids.

P. 10. l. 24.

"One morning, between five and six hours, John Brown, having performed the worship of God in his family, was going, with a spade in his hand, to make ready some peat-ground. The mist being very dark, he knew not until cruel and bloody Claverhouse compassed him with three troops of horse, brought him to his house, and there examined him; who, though he was a man of stammering speech, yet answered him distinctly and solidly; which made Claverhouse to examine those whom he had taken to be his guide through the muirs, if they

had heard him preach? They answered, 'No, no, he was never a preacher.' He said, 'If he has never preached, meikle he has prayed in his time.' He said to John, 'Go to your prayers, for you shall immediately die.' When he was praying, Claverhouse interrupted him three times: one time that he stopped him, he was pleading that the Lord would spare a remnant, and not make a full end in the day of his anger. Claverhouse said, 'I gave you time to pray, and you are begun to preach;' he turned about upon his knees, and said, 'Sir, you know neither the nature of praying nor preaching, that calls this preaching;' then continued, without confusion. When ended, Claverhouse said, 'Take goodnight of your wife and children.' His wife standing by with her child in her arms that she had brought forth to him, and another child of his first wife's, he came to her, and said, 'Now, Marion, the day is come that I told you would come, when I spake first to you of marrying me.' She said, 'Indeed, John, I can willingly part with you.' Then he said, 'This is all I desire, I have no more to do but die.' He kissed his wife and bairns, and wished purchased and promised blessings to be multiplied upon them, and his blessing. Claverhouse ordered six men to shoot him: the most part of the bullets came upon his head, which scattered his brains upon the ground. Claverhouse said to his wife, 'What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?' She said, 'I thought ever much of him, and now as much as ever.' He said, 'It were justice to lay thee beside him.' She said, 'If ye were permitted, I doubt not but your cruelty would go that

length ; but how will you make answer for this morning's work ? He said, ' To man I can be answerable ; and for God, I will take him in mine own hand.' Claverhouse mounted his horse, and marched, and left her, with the corpse of her dead husband lying there. She set the bairn on the ground, and tied up his head, and straighted his body, and covered him in her plaid, and sat down, and wept over him. It being a very desart place, where never victual grew, and far from neighbours, it was some time before any friends came to her : the first that came was a very fit hand, that old singular Christian woman in the Cumberhead, named Elizabeth Menzies, three miles distant, who had been tried with the violent death of her husband at Pentland, afterwards of two worthy sons, Thomas Weir, who was killed at Drumclog, and David Steel, who was suddenly shot afterwards when taken. The said Marion Weir, sitting upon her husband's grave, told me, that, before that, she could see no blood but she was in danger to faint, and yet she was helped to be a witness to all this, without either fainting or confusion ; except when the shots were let off, her eyes dazzled. His corpse was buried at the end of his house, where he was slain."—PEDEN'S *Life*.

Claverhouse was rewarded by his master, James, with the title of Viscount Dundee, and with the confiscated lands and goods of the sufferers. A late memoir-writer, the slanderer of *Sydney and Russel*, apostrophises this dastardly murderer of the unarmed peasantry, as a generous and heroic character.

James Stewart, a boy, " came in from the west coun-

try to see a relation of his in prison at Edinburgh. By what means I know not, the other got out, and he was found in the room whence the other escaped; whereupon he was brought before a committee of the council, and soon ensnared by their questions. When he was silent on some heads, and would not answer, some papers before me bear, that Sir George M'Kenzie threatened to take out his tongue with a pair of pincers. Precisely on his answers, he was condemned, and in a few days after he was taken with the rest, (six others,) and executed at the Gallow-lee."—WODROW, B. III. c. 5. § 4. year 1681.

"Marion Harvie, a young woman, not twenty years of age, on her way to the place of execution, was interrupted in her devotions; on which she turned to her fellow-prisoner, Isabel Alison, and said, 'Come, Isabel, let us sing the 23d psalm;' which accordingly they did, Marion repeating the psalm, line by line, without book. Being come to the scaffold, after singing the 84th psalm, and reading the 3d of Malachi, she said, 'I am come here to-day for avowing Christ to be the Head of his church, and King in Zion. They say, I would murder; but I declare, I am free of all matters of fact: I could never take the life of a chicken but my heart shrinked. But it is only for my judgment of things that I am brought here. I leave my blood on the council and the Duke of York.' At this, the soldiers interrupted her, and would not allow her to speak any."—*Cloud of Witnesses.*

But that morn.—P. 10. l. 25.

The resurrection happened on the morning of the first day of the week, which is now observed as the Christian Sabbath.

By Cameron thundered.—P. 11. l. 17.

“The last night of his life, he was in the house of William Mitchell in Meadowhead, at the water of Ayr, where about twenty-three horse and forty foot had continued with him that week. That morning, a woman gave him water to wash his face and hands; and having washed, and dried them with a towel, he looked to his hands, and laid them on his face, saying, ‘This is their last washing; I have need to make them clean, for there are many to see them.’ At this the woman’s mother wept. He said, ‘Weep not for me, but for yourself and your’s, and for the sins of a sinful land, for ye have melancholy, sorrowful, and weary days before you.’

“The people who remained with him were in some hesitation whether they should abide together for their own defence, or disperse, and shift for themselves. But that day, being the 22d of July, they were surprised by Bruce of Earlsall; who, having got the command of Airly’s troop and Strahan’s dragoons, upon notice given him by Sir John Cochran of Ochiltree, came furiously upon them, about four o’clock in the afternoon, when lying on the east end of Ayr-moss. When they saw the enemy approaching, and no possibility of escaping, they all gathered round about him, while he prayed a short word; wherein he repeated this expression thrice over,

‘Lord, spare the green, and take the ripe.’ When ended, he said to his brother, with great intrepidity, ‘Come, let us fight it out to the last; for this is the day that I have longed for, and the day that I have prayed for, to die fighting against our Lord’s avowed enemies: this is the day that we will get the crown.’ And to the rest, he said, ‘Be encouraged, all of you, to fight it out valiantly; for all of you that shall fall this day, I see heaven’s gates open to receive you.’

“But the enemy approaching, they immediately drew up eight horse, with him on the right, the rest, with valiant Hackston, on the left, and the foot in the middle; where they all behaved with much bravery, until overpowered by a superior number. At last Hackston was taken prisoner, and Mr Cameron was killed on the spot, and his head and hands cut off by one Murray, and taken to Edinburgh. His father being in prison for the same cause, they carried them to him, to add grief unto his former sorrow, and inquired at him, if he knew them. He took his son’s hands and head, which were very fair, being a man of a fair complexion, with his own hair, and kissed them, and said, ‘I know, I know them; they are my son’s, my own dear son’s; it is the Lord, good is the will of the Lord, who cannot wrong me nor mine, but has made goodness and mercy to follow us all our days.’—After which, by order of the council, his head was fixed upon the Nether-bow Port, and his hands beside it, with the fingers upward.”—*Cloud of Witnesses.*

Or by Renwick poured.—P. 11. l. 17.

“He was of stature somewhat low, of a fair complexion, and, like another young David, of a ruddy and beautiful countenance. Most men spoke well of him after he was dead; even his murderers, as well as others, said they thought he went to heaven. Malignants generally said, he died a Presbyterian. The Viscount of Tarbet, one of the counsellors, one day in company, when speaking of him, said, ‘That he was one of the stiffest maintainers of his principles that ever came before them. Others we used always to cause, one time or other, to waver, but him we could never move. Where we left him, there we found him. We could never make him yield, or vary in the least.’”

The assembled people dared, in face of day.

P. 12. l. 1.

“The father durst not receive his son, nor the wife her husband; the country was prohibited to harbour the fugitives, and the ports were shut against their escape by sea. When expelled from their homes, they resided in caves, among morasses and mountains, or met by stealth, or by night, for worship; but whenever the mountaineers, as they were styled, were discovered, the hue-and-cry was ordered to be raised. They were pursued, and frequently shot by the military, or sought with more insidious diligence by the spies, informers, and officers of justice; and on some occasions, it appears, that the sagacity of dogs was employed to track their footsteps,

and explore their lurking retreats."—LAING'S *History*, Vol. II.

The party for his judge.—P. 17. l. 8.

One most iniquitous article of our civil code, is that which confers on creditors a jurisdiction over their debtors,—a jurisdiction extending to the power of inflictin perpetual imprisonment. This power, too, is most rigorously exercised on the least culpable of the offenders: The poor mechanic, who owes a few pounds for a house to shelter him, or for bread to eat,—the wreck of whose substance would be invisible in the abyss of chancery proceedings, is left to starve, and to rot in a jail, while the great, the wholesale bankrupt, who has staked a swindled capital on the hazard table of speculation, is sent forth with a judicial diploma, authorising him to recommence the practice of his former art. If a man be a fraudulent bankrupt, let him be punished; but let him first be tried, not by a disappointed and irritated creditor, but by the tribunals before which other crimes are tried. The present state of this branch of the law offers one great incitement to dishonesty,—the certainty that innocence is not more safe than guilt. All bankrupt debtors are, or may be, treated as if they were dishonest, that is, as if they refused, (for such is the idea of the law,) though able, to pay.

When I speak of the law, I have in view the *general* system of jurisprudence in the three united kingdoms. In *one* of them, no doubt, the imprisoned debtor may bring an action against all his creditors; in which, if he

show that he has acted fairly and honestly, and has made, or is ready to make, a full surrender of his property, he is entitled to demand a warrant of liberation, and a decree of immunity from personal execution. But, besides that this action (*cessio bonorum*) is peculiar to Scotland, it is found in practice to be a very inadequate remedy. The *prisoner* must prove his *innocence*. He must produce satisfactory accounts of the progress of his affairs, and he must prove every disputed averment. Now, if small dealers are unable, as they frequently are, to give a distinct view of their affairs, as they stand at any one period, how should it be expected that they should be able to give a progressive account of their transactions for a series of years? According to the strict letter of the law, the party accused is obliged to prove a negative, that is, he must prove that he has *not been guilty* of fraud or extravagance; and though the severity of this rule is very much mitigated by the lenient and liberal manner in which it is administered, the relief intended by the law is not unfrequently denied to the honest, but simple and ignorant debtor, while it is sometimes extended to the artful and provident bankrupt.

It may be said, that imprisonment for debt is necessary, not as a punishment for guilt, but as a security to creditors. Now, what sort of security is this? it plainly amounts to this,—that a debtor, by the act of incurring debt, grants a security, not only over his lands and his chattels, but his *person*. Ought not such a bargain to be reprobated, as contrary to every principle of justice and expediency? And what would follow, if the power

of giving and receiving *corporal* security were taken away? Only this, that, in proportion to the diminution of the security, lenders and sellers would be more circumspect in giving credit. And who will deny, that a little more caution would be of infinite advantage to creditors, as well as to debtors?—"But you strike (it is said) at the very roots of trade, if you abrogate the law of imprisonment." The answer is, That nobody would propose to *abrogate* the law. But let this law be applied, like other laws, by the judge, not by the party. It is all, however, a mere gratuitous and rashly received position,—That the prosperity of trade depends, in the slightest degree, on the law of imprisonment for debt.

The mark which rashness branded on their names.

P. 18. l. 3.

I am convinced, that in England, and especially in London, (such is the *dispatch* used in criminal proceedings,) unwarranted verdicts are sometimes pronounced. The mechanical notion of *weighing* evidence, seems to have got an unfortunate hold of the minds of jurymen; and it thus happens, that if there be something like evidence on the one side, and no evidence on the other, the one *scale* (as it is called) of the judicial balance sinks, and the proof is estimated, not by what it is *in itself*, but by what it is *in comparison* of something else. The law of England recognizes the evidence of *one* witness, as sufficient to warrant a *capital* conviction. The law of God was different:—"Whoso killeth any person,

the murderer shall he put to death by the mouth of witnesses; but *one* witness shall not testify against any person, *to cause him to die.*"—NUMB. xxxv. 30.

"At the mouth of *two* or *three* witnesses shall he, that is worthy of death, be put to death; but at the mouth of *one* witness *he shall not be put to death.*"—DEUT. xvii. 6.

I have observed, too, a petulant and contemptuous disregard of *character*. Jurymen are not aware how much this disregard tends to loosen the bands of society. What has a poor man but his health and his character? His character recommends him to employment, aids him when he is in distress, and he looks to it as a defence when he is accused. Take away its value in this last point of view, and you weaken one of the strongest incentives to moral conduct. In the Old Bailey, a good name is found *not* to be better than riches. Proof of *alibi*, likewise, is too little regarded by London juries. In cases of highway robbery, committed under cloud of night, I have observed the most incomprehensible positiveness in the evidence of the prisoner's *identity*. Now, evidence of *identity* is the most fallacious of all evidence, especially in a populous city, in which (including a few miles of the neighbourhood) two millions of people are collected. Among such a prodigious multitude, there must be many *fac similes* in person, in dress, and in voice. Yet juries every day convict on evidence of identity, though contradicted by evidence of *alibi*. Nor, in such a city as London, can it be said, that they decide in this manner from their knowledge

of the superior credibility of the one set of witnesses; for it very seldom happens, that London jurymen have ever seen the face of one of the witnesses.—The disregard paid to evidence of *alibi* is defended on the score of the frequency of perjury. But this consideration strikes both ways. There may be perjury *against* as well as *for* the prisoner. It is not enough to say, that the *prosecutor* has no interest to use unjustifiable means for procuring a conviction. There may exist an interest to convict elsewhere than in the prosecutor. When a crime is committed, the search for the criminal is most effectually stopt by a trial and conviction. Suppose, then, the real criminal hear, that a wrong person is apprehended on suspicion; how easy is it for him to send some of his associates to appear as informers, and then as witnesses against the prisoner! Yes—it may be said—but a few cross questions will destroy the fabric of a false story. Now, is it not plain, that the same observation is applicable to false evidence, on whichever side it is brought? But where is the remedy for all this? Will legal regulations avail? No:—Let truth be cultivated in private life; let parents inculcate the love of truth more than the love of gain;—let it be their perpetual lesson to their children, that the possession of an *honest mind* is a possession more valuable, both in regard to themselves and the public, than all the wealth and accomplishments which industry and study can bestow. Let them display a scrupulous regard to truth, even in the most trivial matters. “The beginning of *wrath*,” says Solomon, “is as the letting out of waters.”

The observation may be extended to the beginning of *falsehood*. Let every man consider this,—that when, either by example or tolerance, he weakens that *reverence* in which truth ought to be held, he may perhaps be sowing the seeds of *perjury*. Perhaps, if the minute links of human events were discernible, a judicial murder might sometimes be traced to an apparently harmless lie. But the fountain of justice is polluted from another quarter,—the foul sink of revenue oaths. Many mercantile houses keep what they call a *swearing* clerk. Such a man makes fifty appeals to the Deity in the course of a day. What he swears is sometimes consistent with his knowledge, sometimes not. No matter; he gains by it two or three hundred pounds a-year, that is, he is paid at the rate of about sixpence *per* oath. How unspeakably contemptible is that system of legislation, which acts on the supposition, that *oaths* are the proper checks to fraud against the revenue !

Each one returns to his inheritance,—P. 21. l. 8.

Lycurgus's contrivance of iron money, as a preventive of the corruption arising from the commercial system, was clumsy and inefficient, compared with that part of the Mosaic institution here alluded to.

Driven from their homes by fell monopoly.

P. 23. l. 21.

The utility of all such agricultural improvements, as diminish the *quantum* of human labour employed in the cultivation of the soil, is very questionable. In the

Highlands of Scotland, black cattle were the produce which in former times was cultivated. Afterwards it was discovered, that the rearing of sheep was a mode of farming which required a much smaller proportion of hands than the rearing of black cattle did : In other words, the Highland proprietors discovered, that by the substitution of sheep for black cattle, nine-tenths of that fund, which formerly was consumed in the maintenance of a numerous tenantry, might be added to the amount of their rent-rolls. The consequence has been, that large districts of the Highlands have been nearly depopulated. Make the supposition, that an improvement, similar in its effects, should be made on the agricultural system of the low country ; suppose, for instance, that a new kind of grain, or root, should be discovered, the cultivation of which should require no more than one-tenth part of the manual labour necessary for the cultivation of our present crops ; or suppose, that there should be invented a machine for turning up the soil, as much superior to the plough as the plough is to the spade ; and that the other implements of husbandry should be improved on a proportional scale ; the consequence undoubtedly would be, that the peasantry of this country would be nearly extirpated. It is true, that the supposed improvements would not only increase the revenue of the landlord, but would add to the quantity of agricultural produce, and that an increase of produce would tend to an increase of population. I, however, doubt very much, whether the increase of agricultural produce is always attended with a *proportional* increase

of population. At any rate, the population that is in this way acquired, must be added to the already overgrown mass of manufacturing towns. No doubt the apparent strength of the nation would be thus increased. But a healthy and a virtuous populace constitute the *real* power of a state; and it will not be said, that crowded towns are favourable either to health or to morals. The country and the village inhabitants are, in truth, the *source* of the national population; and, if it be drained, the towns themselves must of course decay; since the demand for live-supplies, consequent on the consumpt of human life in towns, could no longer be answered. But how are the evils arising from the abridgment of agricultural labour to be counteracted? They may be partially counteracted by a limitation of the extent of farms. If the arable districts were parcelled out into possessions not exceeding a hundred and fifty acres; and if every landlord and tenant were bound, either to keep up a certain number of inhabited cottages, in the proportion, let it be said, of one to each thirty acres,—or else, to pay triple land-tax and poor rate, our crops would, perhaps, not be quite so abundant as in process of time they may come to be, under the present system of weeding out the small farmers and cottagers; but the nation would be richer in a more important kind of produce,—a numerous peasantry; and even the landlords themselves would find more real comfort and enjoyment in contemplating a populous and happy neighbourhood, than in surveying large deserted domains, teeming with all the means of virtuous and

happy existence, but barren of inhabitants, to reap the benefits so liberally spread out by the Father of mercies. Perhaps another expedient to check rural depopulation might be suggested,—an equalization of the right of succession. Commercial accumulation has, during the last half century, gone far in re-uniting those enormous estates which at one time commerce had disjoined. Every great merchant and money-dealer wishes to be the founder of what is called *a family*. Now, I would indulge this vanity, by allowing such persons to found, not one family, but a number of families, in proportion to the number of their children. To the peerage, and perhaps to families that have been long established in their possessions, the law ought to be left as it now stands. But if it be expedient *to keep things as they now are*,—to check the rapid progress of a hideous Oligarchy, the old law of inheritance, as it existed in England prior to the Norman conquest, and as it now exists in the county of Kent, ought to be made the general law of the land.

Enchained, endungeoned, forced by stripes to live.

P. 32. l. 13.

“A child of about ten months old took sulk, and would not eat. The captain took up the child, and flogged him with a cat.—‘D—n you,’ said he, ‘I’ll make you eat, or I’ll kill you.’ From this, and other ill treatment, the child’s legs swelled, and the captain ordered some water to be made hot, for abating the swelling. But even his tender mercies were cruel; for the cook,

putting his hand into the water, said it was too hot,—‘D—n him,’ said the captain, ‘put his feet in.’ The child was put into the water, and the nails and skin came all off his feet. Oiled cloths were then put round them. The child was then tied to a heavy log; and two or three days afterwards, the captain caught it up again, and said, ‘I will make you eat, or I will be the death of you.’ He immediately flogged the child again; and in a quarter of an hour, *it died.*—*Evidence before the House of Commons.*

O, England! England! wash thy purpled hands.

P. 33. l. 9.

I hold England *literally* and *exclusively* culpable in regard to the slave-trade. The people of Scotland raised *their* voice as one man against the monstrous iniquity. In *Parliament*, indeed, *their* voice is but the repetition of a whisper.

Not a single slave-ship sails from a Scottish port.

The slave-trade has been attempted to be defended by appeals to the authority of the Old Testament. The existence of *slavery* appears, indeed, to have been tolerated among the Jews; but where is the authority for any thing like the *slave-trade*? Is it in the following express law? “And he that *stealeth* a man, and *selleth* him, or if he be found in his hand, he *shall surely be put to death.*”—EXOD. xxi. 16.

Extracts from the Parliamentary Register (1791) of the Debate on the Abolition of the Slave-Trade.

“There was another transaction that he (Mr Wilberforce) must distinctly state, not only on account of its enormous magnitude, but also because it established, beyond all controversy, the frequency of those acts of rapine, which was the conclusion he had before referred to. When General Rooke, a respectable member of that House, was commanding in his Majesty’s settlement at Goree, some of the subjects of a neighbouring king, with whom he was on terms of amity, had come to pay him a friendly visit; *there were from 100 to 150 of them, men, women, and children; all was gaiety and merriment; it was a scene to gladden the saddest, and to soften the hardest heart:* but a slave-captain, ever faithful to the interests of his employers, is not so soon thrown off his guard; with what astonishment would the Committee hear, that, in the midst of this festivity, it was proposed to General Rooke, to seize the whole of this unsuspecting multitude, hurry them on board the ships, and carry them off to the West Indies! Was there ever a man bold enough to venture on such a proposal? *Not only one, but three!* three English slave-captains preferred it as their joint request, *alleging the precedent of a former governor!* If, in the annals of human wickedness, an instance of fouler treachery were to be found, Mr Wilberforce was happy to be ignorant of it. But it was not on account of its magnitude that he wished to impress it on the Committee, so much as because it was a pregnant proof of the frequency of the

acts of rapine he had before described; for what must be the habits of the slave-trade, what must have been the *familiarity* with scenes of depredation produced on the minds of slave-captains, when three of them durst not only meditate within themselves, not only confer one with another, but bring into the light of day, and carry to a British officer of rank, a proposal, which one would have thought too horrid to be allowed for a single moment, even in the deepest retirement, in the darkest recesses of the most depraved heart?"—Mr WILBERFORCE's *Speech*.

Mr Fox said, "There was one way, and an extremely good one, by which any man might come to a judgment on these points—Let him make the case his own. What, said he, should any one of *us*, who are members of this House, say, and how should we feel, if conquered, and carried away by a tribe as savage as our countrymen on the coast of Africa show themselves to be? How should we brook the same indignities, or bear the same treatment ourselves, which we do not scruple to inflict *on them*?" Having made this appeal to the feelings of the House, Mr Fox proceeded to observe, "that great stress had been laid on the countenance that was given to slavery by the Christian religion. So far was this from being true, that he thought one of the most splendid triumphs of Christianity was, its having caused slavery to be so generally abolished, as soon as ever it appeared in the world. One obvious ground on which it did this, was, by teaching us, That in the sight of their Maker all mankind are equal. The same effect might

be expected also from the general principles which it taught. Its powerful influence appeared to have done more, in this respect, than all the ancient systems of philosophy; though even in them, in point of theory, we might trace great liberality and consideration for human rights."—Mr Fox's *Speech*.

"A gentleman, (Mr Ross, as appeared in evidence,) while he was walking along, heard the shrieks of a female, issuing from a barn or out-house; and as they were much too violent to be excited by any ordinary punishment, he was prompted to go near, and see what could be the matter. On looking in, he perceived a young female, tied up to a beam by her wrists, entirely naked, and in the act of involuntary writhing and swinging, while the author of her torture was standing below her, with a lighted torch in his hand, which he applied to all the parts of her body, as it approached him. What crime this miserable wretch had perpetrated, he knew not; but that was of little consequence, as the human mind could not conceive a crime in any degree warranting such a punishment."—Mr Fox's *Speech*.

Mr Fox founded his argument on the grand basis of justice. Mr Pitt *demonstrated* the *impolicy* of the trade. But if it was impolitic in the year 1791, it is doubly so now. It is *proved* to be the slaughter-house of our mariners. If, in other branches of foreign trade, there were a proportional mortality among our seamen, it is proved, that at the end of six years, we should look in vain for a single mariner to man our wooden walls. But

the omnipotent *fiat* of Commerce hath said, *Let there be slavery.*

The House of Commons took a fit of compunction one year; they passed a resolution, that the slave-trade should be abolished at or before the end of a few years. Afterwards they threw out Mr Wilberforce's bill, and passed a law for *regulating* the *stowage* of human cargoes. The merchants had *sworn*, that this law would be ruinous to their trade; yet we still see *their trade* flourishing in the face of their perjuries. We still see 80,000 men, women, children, and infants, year after year, stolen, transported, sold, and dispersed, among the West-India planters. Archdeacon Paley justly observes, that "the slave-trade destroys more in a year, than the *inquisition* does in a hundred, or perhaps hath done *since its foundation*." Such being the case, we may *talk* of our public virtues,—we may contrast them with the crimes of the Corsican Bravo,—we may compare the erect spirit of a British Legislature with the vermicular servility of what is called (strange prostitution of language!) the *Senate* of France:—But, alas! when we think of the slave-trade, our *public* virtue requires all the deformity of the French foil to set it off. Bonaparte deserves, no doubt, to be ranked among the *most* atrocious class of murderers, since *poison* is sometimes his instrument;—witness Toussaint's fate. But, are we much better? Guinea-captains, heavy irons, apprentice-surgeons, scourges, live-coals, thumb-screws, fetid air,—these are some of the instruments with which our commercial executioners commit their *regulated* murders.

Most merciful guillotine ! how hast thou been calumniated ! calumniated, too, by the owners of those *floating scaffolds* which *traverse the ocean* in quest of *their* victims ; those fiend-constructed arks, into which *every* species of human misery is crowded. And who are the owners of these tremendous engines ? Very honourable men ; men, who are thorough merchants ; men, who buy a lot of character now and then when it is cheap, and especially when it is sold by that species of auction called *subscription* ; men, who, with one hand, put a thousand pounds into their pocket (the moderate profits of a *slaving* trip), while, with the other, they subscribe their fifty or their hundred guineas for an Infirmary, or a Bedlam. In this manner they compound with public opinion ; and public opinion, when dazzled by the splendour of wealth, is easily deceived. It thus happens, that these *calculating* philosophers, who, by a chemico-commercial process, convert the blood and bones of the Africans into silver and gold, are very well looked upon in society. *They* do not, with their own hands, distribute alcohol and gun-powder for fomenting the petty wars of the Africans : *They* do not stand by at the mock-trials for *witchcraft* : *They* do not hold up a purse in the face of the predetermined judge : *They* are not the *actual* bidders at these judicial vendues : *They* do not tear the son from the parent : No ; their agents seize upon *both*, for the imputed crime of *either* : *They* never have tossed the corded captives into the bilge-water of the long-boat : *They* do not bolt the fet-

ters that couple the sable companions of despair : *They* do not brandish the scourge, nor do *they* pickle the lacerated body of the obdurately resolved suicide. No, no ; *they* only *hear* of such things ; they only furnish the *means* of carrying on the *business* ; they only pocket the profits when the business is done.

Let the *retracting* House of Commons think of these things :

“ And ye were now turned, and had done right in my sight, in proclaiming every man liberty to his neighbour ; and ye had made a covenant before me in the house which is called by my name.”

“ But ye *turned*, and polluted my name, and caused every man his servant, and every man his handmaid, whom he had set at liberty at their pleasure, to return, and brought them into subjection, to be unto you for servants and for handmaids.”

“ Therefore thus saith the Lord, Ye have not hearkened unto me in proclaiming liberty every one to his brother, and every man to his neighbour : behold, I proclaim a liberty for *you*, saith the Lord, to the sword, to the pestilence, and to the famine.”—

“ Behold, therefore, I have smitten mine hand at thy *dishonest gain* which thou hast made.”

“ Can thine heart endure, or *can thine hands be strong*, in the day that I shall deal with thee?”

“ The people of the land have *used oppression*, and exercised *robbery*, and have vexed the poor and needy ; yea, they have *oppressed the stranger wrongfully*.”—

“Woe to him that buildeth a town with *blood*, and stablisheth a city by iniquity.”*

The tyrant's arm.—P. 33. l. 16.

The character of Bonaparte will furnish a specimen of more monstrous moral deformity than was ever exhibited in the historical museum. Possessing the power of conferring on mankind a greater portion of happiness than ever depended on the will of one man, he has been the author of miseries incalculable. He could have given liberty to France; he assumed absolute power to himself. He could have emancipated Switzerland; he rivetted the chains which the Directory had forged. In St Domingo, his conduct was a complication of the most sottish impolicy, the most savage cruelty, the most knavish perfidy, that ever disgraced the annals of human nature. By this self-created monarch, was Toussaint, the elected ruler of a free people, swindled into a treaty, kidnapped during the peace that succeeded, torn from his wife and children, transported in irons to France, immured in a dungeon, and, finally, assassinated, (if uncontradicted accusation deserve any credit,) in a mode perfectly suitable to the commencement and progress of the horrid history,—poison, under the disguise of medicine. Yet this masked murderer,

* The above note appeared in the first edition of the Sabbath. The prospect of a final and total abolition of the *British slave-trade* may now be hailed as a near one.

this druggist-assassin, presumes to exclaim against the uplifted arm of an Arena, or a Georges. His effrontery can only be surpassed by his hypocrisy. Compared to him, Cromwell was a mere novice in the art. As to military talents, how infinitely inferior is he to Moreau! Moreau saved, he sacrificed his soldiers. Moreau, destitute of resources, accomplished a retreat more splendid than the Corsican swindler's most celebrated victories. Moreau conducted his soldiers to their homes: the Corsican deserted his in a distant, hostile, pestilential region.

Down like an avalanche.—P. 35. l. 22.

“ After having descended about three hours, from the time of our quitting Meysingen, we refreshed ourselves and our horses in a delightful vale, strewed with hamlets; a sloping hill, adorned with variegated verdure and wood, on one side; on the other, the Rosenlavi and Schartzwald glaciers, stretching between impending rocks; and before us the highest point of the Wetterhorn lifting its pyramidical top, capped with eternal snow. As we were taking our repast, we were suddenly startled by a noise like the sound of thunder, occasioned by a large body of snow falling from the top of the mountain, which, in its precipitate descent, had the appearance of a torrent of water reduced almost into spray. These *avalanches* (as they are called) are sometimes attended with the most fatal consequences; for when they consist of enormous masses, they destroy every

thing in their course, and not unfrequently overwhelm even a whole village."—COXE.

The plaintive strain, that links, &c.—P. 36. l. 13.

"After dinner, some musicians of the country performed the *Renz de Vaches*, that famous air which was forbid to be played among the Swiss troops in the French armies; as it created in the soldiers such a longing recollection of their native country, that it produced in them a settled melancholy, and occasioned frequent desertion. The French call this sort of patriotic regret *maladie du pays*. There is nothing peculiarly striking in the tune; but, as it is composed of the most simple notes, the powerful effect of its melody upon the Swiss soldiers in a foreign land is the less remarkable. Nothing, indeed, renews so lively a remembrance of former scenes, as a piece of favourite music which we were accustomed to hear among our earliest and dearest connections."—COXE.

Till beckoned by some kindly hand to sit.

P. 38. l. 22.

It is most melancholy to see old respectable persons standing in the passages of a church. In former times, the area of churches was common to all. The appropriation was certainly an encroachment. To bring matters back to their primitive state, would now be impracticable. But surely a very large portion of the house of prayer ought to be allotted to the Lord's poor. Or why should not *free* churches be established in all the

considerable towns? There are several in England. To the hardship of exclusion from divine service, or of precarious and mendicant admission, may be traced the dissipated and idle habits of many originally well-disposed persons.

Her hands could earn her bread, and freely give.

P. 38. l. 24.

The character, here described, is well portrayed in the following passage of *Newton's Letters*: "We have lost another of the people here; a person of much experience, eminent grace, wisdom, and usefulness. She walked with God forty years. She was one of the Lord's poor; but her poverty was decent, sanctified, and honourable. She lived respected, and her death is considered a public loss. It is a great loss to me: I shall miss her advice and example, by which I have been often edified and animated. Almost the last words she uttered, were, 'The Lord is my portion, saith my soul.'"

I have known many instances of such persons. The character is, indeed, most highly respectable; but it does not obtain that respect and support which it so well merits. In truth, wealth is so devoutly worshipped, that virtuous poverty must, of necessity, be neglected, if not despised. Every man is aspiring to the *imaginary dignity* of the person who happens to be a little *richer* than himself. The distinction of wealth is gradually absorbing every other. I would prefer the aristocracy of pedigree to that of riches.

There courage, that expects no tongue to praise.

P. 89. l. 19.

To private soldiers and sailors the voice of praise very seldom reaches; yet is their courage not less conspicuous than that which their superiors in rank display. Our military establishment, both at sea and on shore, is, indeed, penurious in reward, while it is liberal in punishment. By extending the one, and restricting the other, the regular army would be more expeditiously recruited than by increase of bounties. Let the experiment of less severe punishments be tried. The immediate consequence would be, (to speak in mercantile phrase,) a fall in the price of the *article*. But there is still another, and a more effectual way of recruiting the army. Follow the advice of that man, who, through good report and through bad report, has stood the steadfast friend of justice and of freedom,—to whose intuitive ken the most complicated subjects are simple, the most opaque transparent. His advice (but, alas! his prescient advice is seldom regarded until the event verify the prediction) was, to restrict the term of service to a moderate period, to five, six, or seven years. If a man, engaging himself for half a year as a common servant, were asked, for what higher rate of wages he would bind himself during life? his answer would probably be, that no reward would tempt him to bind himself for life. Or, if he were to be so allured, would he not ask an *enormous* hire? To indent one's person for life, is a tremendous engagement. But a limitation of the term of service would be highly expedient in another view.

Reckoning the regular troops of Britain at 200,000,—if each man were to be discharged at the end of seven years from the time of his enlistment, is it not obvious, that we should have a yearly addition of about 27,000 thorough-bred soldiers, ready to fall into the ranks of the strictly defensive department of our national armament? Say that the addition were to be only 20,000, what an accession of real strength, of discipline, of experience, of confidence, would be the result! In five years there would be nearly 100,000 veterans (for a soldier, who has served seven years, I would call a veteran) added to our home force. No one can form a probable guess at the duration of the present war; nor is it likely, that many of the present generation will see the day, when they may, with safety, turn their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks. We must *continue* in the attitude of an armed nation. We must labour with the one hand, and wield our weapons with the other.†

Or cheering with inquiries from the heart.

P. 40. l. 12.

In some hospitals, the patients are supposed to be

† The above note was inserted in the first edition of the Sabbath. The just, the humane, the wise maxim of enlistment for a *limited time*, has been since enacted into a law. The tuck of the recruiting drum is now no longer a sound of horror to the parent's ear.

treated with all due justice, if the *bolus* and the knife be liberally administered. Nothing is done to amuse or to console.

Blest be the female votaries.—P.42. l. 22.

The nuns, called Beguines, devote the whole of their time to attendance on the sick, whether in hospitals or in private houses. They are habited in black, and, when going abroad, they wear deep black veils.

*Call forth the dead, and re-unite the dust
(Transformed and purified) to angel souls.*

P. 43. l. 17. 18.

Every one has experienced how much *contrast* enhances pleasure, and aggravates pain. Perhaps in created beings, perfect happiness is impossible, without the contrast of recollected misery. This consideration affords an answer to those persons, who censure the resurrection of the body as a provision unnecessary and unwise,—who say, that the joys of a blessed spirit cannot be increased by a union with a material body, however excellent in form, structure, and powers. I would ask, what *other* provision could possibly furnish the pleasure derived from contrast, so vividly, so constantly? A celestial form, the habitation of that being, who formerly dwelt in a body, frail, diseased, mortal!—To the man who had been blind in his earthly abode, what a change! His sightless orbs transformed into eyes of telescopic ken!—To the palsied! That body which could not move itself,—endowed, perhaps, with electric

velocity ! that once feeble, faltering voice—attuned to the harmonies of the heavenly choirs, “ who sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvellous are all thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints : Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth !”

NOTES
ON THE
SABBATH WALKS.

To think that now the townsman wanders forth.

P. 51. l. 6.

THERE cannot be a more pleasing or a more consolatory idea presented to the human mind, than that of *one universal pause of labour* throughout the whole Christian world at the same moment of time; diffusing rest, comfort, and peace, through a large part of the habitable globe, and affording ease and refreshment, not only to the lowest part of our own species, but to their fellow-labourers in the brute creation. Even these are enabled to join in this silent act of adoration, this mute kind of homage to the great Lord of all: and, although they are incapable of any *sentiments* of religion, yet, by this means, they become sharers in the *blessings* of it. Every man, of the least sensibility, must see, must feel, the beauty and utility of such an institution as this; and

must see, at the same time, the cruelty of invading this most valuable privilege of the inferior class of mankind, and breaking in upon that sacred repose, which God himself has, in pity to their sufferings, given to those that stand most in need of it. It was a point in which it highly became the majesty and the goodness of heaven itself to interpose. And happy was it for the world that it did so. For, had man, unfeeling man, been left to himself, with no other spur to compassion than natural instinct, or unassisted reason, there is but too much ground to apprehend, he would have been deaf to the cries of his labouring brethren, would have harassed and worn them out with incessant toil; and when they implored, by looks and signs of distress, some little intermission, would perhaps have answered them in the language of Pharaoh's task-masters, "Ye are idle, ye are idle. There shall not aught of your daily tasks be diminished; *let more work* be laid upon them, that they may labour therein."—*Exod.* v. 9, 11, 17.

"That this is no uncandid representation of the natural hardness of the human heart, till it is subdued and softened by the influences of divine grace, we have but too many unanswerable proofs, in the savage treatment which the slaves of the ancients, even of the most civilized and polished ancients, met with from their unrelenting masters. To them, alas! there was no Sabbath, no seventh day of rest! The whole week, the whole year, was, in general, with but few exceptions, one un-

interrupted round of labour, tyranny, and oppression."—
BISHOP PORTEUS.

Your helpless charge drive from the tempting spot.

P. 56. l. 24.

During the winter season, there are many shepherds lost in the snow. I have heard of ten being lost in one parish. When life-boats, for the preservation of shipwrecked mariners, and institutions for the recovery of drowned persons, obtain so much of the public attention and patronage, it is strange that no means are ever thought of, for the preservation of the lives of shepherds during snow-storms. I believe, that in nine instances out of ten, the death of the unhappy persons who perish in the snow, is owing to their losing their way. A proof of this is, that very few are lost in the day-time. The remedy, then, is both easy and obvious. Let means be used for enabling the shepherd, in the darkest night, to know precisely the spot at which he is, and the bearings of the surrounding grounds. Snow-storms are almost always accompanied with wind. Suppose a pole, fifteen feet high, well fixed in the ground, with two cross spars placed near the bottom, to denote the airts, or points of the compass;—a bell hung at the top of this pole, with a piece of flat wood attached to it, projecting upward, would ring with the slightest breeze. For a few hundred pounds, every square mile of the southern district of Scotland might be supplied with such bells. As they would be purposely made to have different tones, the shepherd would soon be able to distinguish one from an-

other. He could never be more than a mile distant from one or other of them. On coming to the spot, he would at once know the points of the compass, and of course the direction in which his home lay.

NOTES
ON
BIBLICAL PICTURES.

*Like that untouching cincture, which enzones
The globe of Saturn.*—P. 61. l. 2. 3.

“It is difficult (says Dr Paley) to bring the imagination to conceive, (what yet, to judge tolerably of the matter, it is necessary to conceive,) how *loose*, if we may so express it, the heavenly bodies are. Enormous globes, held by nothing, confined by nothing, are turned into free and boundless space, each to seek its course by the virtue of an invisible principle; but a principle, one, common, and the same in all, and ascertainable. To preserve such bodies from being lost, from running together in heaps, from hindering and distracting one another's motions, in a degree inconsistent with any continuing order: i. e. to cause them to form planetary systems, systems that, when formed, can be upheld, and,

most especially, systems accommodated to the organized and sensitive natures, which the planets sustain, as we know to be the case, where alone we can know what the case is, upon our earth : All this requires an intelligent interposition, because it can be demonstrated concerning it, that it requires an adjustment of force, distance, direction, and velocity, out of the reach of chance to have produced ; an adjustment, in its view to utility, similar to that which we see in ten thousand subjects of nature which are nearer to us ; but in power, and in the extent of space through which that power is exerted, stupendous."—*Natural Theology*, chap. xxii.

" Saturn, when viewed through a good telescope, makes a more remarkable appearance than any of the other planets. Galileo first discovered his uncommon shape, which he thought to be like two small globes, one on each side of a large one : and he published his discovery in a Latin sentence ; the meaning of which was, that he had seen him appear with three bodies ; though, in order to keep the discovery a secret, the letters were transposed. Having viewed him for two years, he was surprised to see him become quite round without these appendages, and then, after some time, to assume them as before. These adjoining globes were what are now called the *ansæ* of his ring, the true shape of which was first discovered by Huygens, about forty years after Galileo, first with a telescope of twelve feet, and then with one of twenty-three feet, which magnified objects an hundred times. From the discoveries made by him and other astronomers, it appears, that this planet is sur-

rounded by a broad thin ring, the edge of which reflects little or none of the sun's light to us, but the planes of the ring reflect the light in the same manner that the planet itself does; and if we suppose the diameter of Saturn to be divided into three equal parts, the diameter of the ring is about seven of these parts. The ring is detached from the body of Saturn in such a manner, that the distance between the innermost part of the ring and the body is equal to its breadth. If we had a view of the planet and his ring, with our eyes perpendicular to one of the planes of the latter, we should see them as in fig. 80.: but our eye is never so much elevated above either plane as to have the visual ray stand at right angles to it, nor indeed is it ever elevated more than about thirty degrees above it; so that the ring, being commonly viewed at an oblique angle, appears of an oval form, and, through very good telescopes, double, as represented fig. 18. and 153. Both the outward and inward rim is projected into an ellipsis, more or less oblong, according to the different degrees of obliquity with which it is viewed. Sometimes our eye is in the plane of the ring, and then it becomes invisible; either because the outward edge is not fitted to reflect the sun's light, or more probably because it is too thin to be seen at such a distance. As the plane of this ring keeps always parallel to itself, that is, its situation in one part of the orbit is always parallel to that in any other part, it disappears twice in every revolution of the planet, that is, about once in fifteen years; and he sometimes appears quite round for nine months together. At other

times, the distance betwixt the body of the planet and the ring is very perceptible; insomuch, that Mr Whiston tells us of Dr Clarke's father having seen a star through the opening, and supposed him to have been the only person who ever saw a sight so rare; as the opening, though certainly very large, appears very small to us. When Saturn appears round, if our eye be in the plane of the ring, it will appear as a dark line across the middle of the planet's disk; and if our eye be elevated above the plane of the ring, a shadowy belt will be visible, caused by the shadow of the ring, as well as by the interposition of part of it betwixt the eye and the planet. The shadow of the ring is broadest when the sun is most elevated, but its obscure parts appear broadest when our eye is most elevated above the plane of it. When it appears double, the ring next the body of the planet appears brightest; when the ring appears of an elliptical form, the parts about the ends of the largest axis are called the *ansæ*, as has been already mentioned.—*Encyclopædia Britannica*.

And with the forming mass floated along.

P. 61. l. 4.

May we not suppose, that the mass of the earth, while yet forming, received its progressive and rotatory motions?

In rapid course.---P. 61. l. 5.

“In astronomy, the great thing is, to raise the imagination to the subject, and that oftentimes in opposition

to the impression made upon the senses. An illusion, for example, must be got over, arising from the distance at which we view the heavenly bodies, viz. the apparent *slowness* of their motions. The moon shall take some hours in getting half a yard from a star which it touched. A motion so deliberate, we may think easily guided. But what is the fact? The moon, in fact, is all this while driving through the heavens at the rate of considerably more than two thousand miles in an hour; which is more than double of that with which a ball is shot off from the mouth of a cannon. Yet is this prodigious rapidity as much under government, as if the planet proceeded ever so slowly, or were conducted in its course inch by inch."—PALEY'S *Natural Theology*, Chap. xxii.

*And perfect, ere the sixth day's evening star
On Paradise arose.*—P. 61. l. 8. 9.

"And God saw every thing that he had made, and behold it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.

"Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them."—*Genesis*, c. i. v. 31. ; c. ii. v. 1.

*Amid the margin flags,
Closed in a bulrush ark, the babe is left.*

P. 64. l. 1. 2.

"And when she could no longer hide him, she took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime,

and with pitch, and put the child therein ; and she laid it in the flags by the river's brink."—*Exodus*, c. ii. v. 3.

His sister waits

Far off.—P. 64. l. 3. 4.

"And his sister stood afar off, to wit what would be done to him."—V. 4.

The royal maid, surrounded by her train.

P. 64. l. 5.

"And the daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river, and her maidens walked along by the river's side ; and when she saw the ark among the flags, she sent her maid to fetch it."—V. 5.

The rushy lid is oped,

And wakes the infant, smiling in his tears.

P. 64. l. 8. 9.

"And when she had opened it, she saw the child ; and behold the babe wept."—V. 6.

Jephtha's vow.—P. 65.

"And Jephtha vowed a vow unto the Lord, and said, If thou shalt without fail deliver the children of Ammon into mine hands, then it shall be, that whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord's, and I will offer it up for a burnt offering."—*Judges*, c. xi. v. 30. 31.

*Forth from the grove
She foremost glides of all the minstrel band.*

P. 67. l. 4. 5.

“ And Jephtha came to Mizpeh unto his house, and, behold, his daughter came out to meet him with timbrels, and with dances ; and she was his only child : besides her he had neither son nor daughter.”—V. 34.

“ Alas, my daughter ! thou hast brought me low.”

P. 67. l. 9.

“ And it came to pass, when he saw her, that he rent his clothes, and said, ‘ Alas, my daughter ! thou hast brought me very low, and thou art one of them that trouble me : for I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and I cannot go back.’”—V. 35.

*Deep was the furrow in the royal brow,
When David’s hand, &c.—P. 68. l. 1. 2.*

“ And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp, and played with his hand : so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him.”—1 Samuel, c. xvi. v. 23.

*Kindles the eye of Saul ; his arm is poised ;—
Harmless the javelin quivers in the wall.*

P. 69. l. 10. 11.

“ And the evil spirit from the Lord was upon Saul, as he sat in his house with the javelin in his hand : and David played with his hand. And Saul sought to smite

David even to the wall with the javelin; but he slipped away out of Saul's presence, and he smote the javelin into the wall: and David fled, and escaped that night."

1 *Samuel*, c. xix. v. 9. 10.

Cowley has some *curious* lines on this subject :

" In treacherous haste he's sent for to the king,
And with him bid his charming lyre to bring.
The king, they saw, lies raging in a fit,
Which does no cure, but sacred tunes, admit;
And true it was soft music did appease
Th' obscure fantastic rage of Saul's disease."

After a dissertation on music, there follows the psalm which David sung. The first stanza describes the passage through the Red Sea. The second proceeds thus :

Old Jordan's waters to their spring
Start back, with sudden fright;
The spring, amazed at sight,
Asked, what news from sea they bring?
The mountains shook; and, to the mountain's side,
The little hills leapt round, themselves to hide.

As young affrighted lambs,
When they aught dreadful spy,
Run trembling to their helpless dams;
The mighty sea and river by,
Were glad, for their excuse, to see the hills to fly.

.

Thus sung the great musician to his lyre,
 And Saul's black rage grew softly to retire ;
 But envy's serpent still with him remained,
 And the wise charmer's healthful voice disdained.
 Th' unthankful king, cured truly of his fit,
 Seems to be drowned, and buried still in it.
 From his past madness draws this wicked use,
 To sin disguised, and murder with excuse :
 For whilst the fearless youth his cure pursues,
 And the soft medicine, with art, renews,
 The barbarous patient casts at him his spear,
 (The usual sceptre that rough hand did bear,)
 Casts it with violent strength ; but, into th' room,
 An arm more sure and strong than his was come,—
 An angel, whose unseen and easy might,
 Put by the weapon, and misled it right."

COWLEY's *Davidicis*.

*When Elijah, by command
 Of God, journeyed to Cherith's failing brook.*

P. 70. l. 2. 3.

"So he went, and did according to the word of the Lord: for he went and dwelt by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan."—1 Kings, c. xvii. v. 5.

No raindrop falls.—P. 70. l. 4.

"And it came to pass after a while, that the brook dried up, because there had been no rain in the land."—V. 7.

*The shepherds, stretched
On the green sward, surveyed the starry vault.*

P. 72. l. 3. 4.

“And there were, in the same country, shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.”—*Luke*, c. ii. v. 8.

*Shedding bright,
Upon the folded flocks, a heavenly radiance.*

P. 72. l. 12. 13.

“And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them : and they were sore afraid.”—*V.* 9.

*When, lo ! upon the cloud,
A multitude of Seraphim, enthroned,
Sang praises, &c.—P. 73. l. 5. 6. 7.*

“And, suddenly, there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men.”—*V.* 13. 14.

Who is my mother, or my brethren ?—P. 74. l. 1.

“And the multitude sat about him ; and they said unto him, Behold thy mother and thy brethren without seek for thee. And he answered them, saying, Who is my mother, or my brethren ? And he looked round about on them which sat about him, and said, Behold, my mother and my brethren ! for whosoever shall do the will

of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and mother."—*Mark*, c. iii. v. 32—35.

Blind, poor, and helpless, Bartimeus sate.

P. 75. l. 1.

"And they came to Jericho: and as he went out of Jericho with his disciples, and a great number of people, blind Bartimeus, the son of Timeus, sat by the highway-side, begging."—*Mark*, c. x. v. 46.

*Heard that the Nazarene was passing by,
He cried, &c.—P. 75. l. 9. 10.*

"And when he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out, and say, Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me. And many charged him that he should hold his peace: but he cried the more a great deal, Thou son of David, have mercy on me. And Jesus stood still, and commanded him to be called. And they call the blind man, saying unto him, Be of good comfort, rise; he calleth thee. And he, casting away his garment, rose, and came to Jesus. And Jesus answered, and said unto him, What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? The blind man said unto him, Lord, that I might receive my sight. And Jesus said unto him, Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole. And immediately he received his sight, and followed Jesus in the way."—*V. 47—52.*

*Suffer that little children come to me,
Forbid them not.*---P. 76. l. 1. 2.

“ And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.”---V. 13--16.

*The roaring tumult of the billowed sea
Awakes him not.*---P. 77. l. 1. 2.

“ And there arose a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full. And he was in the hinder part of the ship asleep on a pillow: and they awake him, and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish?”---C. iv. v. 37. 38.

*Rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea,
Peace, be thou still!*---P. 77. l. 12. 13.

“ And he arose, and rebuked the wind; and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.”---V. 39.

*Upon a towering wave is seen
The semblance of a foamy wreath upright.*

P. 78. l. 4. 5.

“And he saw them toiling in rowing: (for the wind was contrary unto them :) and, about the fourth watch of the night, he cometh unto them walking upon the sea, and would have passed by them.”—C. vi. v. 48.

*The voyagers appalled,
Shrink from the fancied Spirit of the Flood.*

P. 78. l. 7. 8.

“But, when they saw him walking upon the sea, they supposed it had been a spirit, and cried out: (for they all saw him, and were troubled :) and immediately he talked with them, and saith unto them, Be of good cheer: it is I; be not afraid.—V. 49. 50.

Up he ascends, &c.—P. 78. l. 12.

“And he went up unto them into the ship; and the wind ceased: and they were sore amazed in themselves beyond measure, and wondered.”—V. 51.

The dumb cured.—P. 80.

This miracle, the reality of which the Pharisees could not deny, (Matth. c. ix. v. 34.) is one of a higher order than those which consisted in healing diseases. Dumbness implies, in general, not only a defect in the organs of speech, or of hearing, or of both, but *ignorance of language*. Here, then, was a miracle performed on the mind.

'Tis finished.—P. 81. l. 1.

“He said, it is finished; and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost.”—*John*, c. xix. v. 30.

*Beholding him far off,
They, who had ministered unto him.*

P. 81. l. 2. 3.

“And many women were there (beholding afar off) which followed Jesus from Galilee, ministering unto him.”—*Matthew*, c. xxvii. v. 55.

*The temple's veil
Is rent.—P. 81. l. 4. 5.*

“And, behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake.”—*V. 51.*

*Appalled, the leaning soldier feels the spear
Shake in his grasp; the planted standard falls
Upon the heaving ground.—P. 81. l. 8. 9. 10.*

“Now when the centurion, and they that were with him watching Jesus, saw the earth quake, and those things that were done, they feared greatly, saying, Truly this was the son of God.”—*V. 54.*

*The sun is dimmed,
And darkness shrouds the body of the Lord.*

P. 81. l. 10. 11.

“Now, from the sixth hour, there was darkness over all the land, unto the ninth hour.”—*V. 45.*

No sound

Was heard, save of the watching soldier's foot.

P. 82. l. 5. 6.

"Pilate said unto them, Ye have a watch: go your way; make it as sure as you can. So they went, and made the sepulchre sure; sealing the stone, and setting a watch."—*Matthew*, c. xxvii. v. 65. 66.

Within the rock-barred sepulchre, &c.—P. 82. l. 7.

"And he bought fine linen, and took him down, and wrapped him in the linen, and laid him in a sepulchre that was hewn out of a rock, and rolled a stone unto the door of the sepulchre."—*Mark*, c. xv. v. 46.

Trembled the earth;

The ponderous gate of stone was rolled away.

P. 83. l. 7. 8.

"And, behold, there was a great earthquake; for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it."—*Matthew*, c. xxviii. v. 2.

His faithful followers, assembled, sang

A hymn, low-breathed, &c.—P. 84. l. 3. 4.

"Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled, for fear of the Jews, came Jesus, and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you."—*John*, c. xx. v. 19.

*Listen that voice ! upon the hill of Mars,
Rolling in bolder thunders, &c.—P. 85. l. 1. 2.*

“ Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars-hill, and said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious.”—*Acts*, c. xvii. v. 22.

*The Stoic's moveless frown ; the vacant stare
Of Epicurus' herd, &c.—P. 85. l. 7. 8.*

“ Then certain philosophers of the Epicureans and of the Stoics encountered him : And some said, What will this babbler say ? other some, He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods ; because he preached unto them Jesus, and the resurrection. And they took him, and brought him unto Areopagus, saying, May we know what this new doctrine, whereof thou speakest, is ? For thou bringest strange things unto our ears : we would know, therefore, what these things mean.”—*Acts*, c. xvii. v. 18—20.

*The Areopagite tribunal dread,
From whence the doom of Socrates was uttered.*

P. 85. l. 10. 11.

The highest court of criminal jurisdiction in Athens. It was held on the hill of Mars. By its sentence Socrates was condemned to death, for attempting to substitute a pure and rational system of religion, for the absurd and extravagant superstition which then prevailed.

The Judge ascended to the judgment-seat.

P. 87. l. 1.

This representation of Paul I have not founded on the circumstances of any *one* of his appearances before the Roman governors. I have alluded to facts, which happened at his apprehension, as well as at his arraignments before Felix, Festus, and Agrippa.

No more he feels, upon his high-raised arm,

The ponderous chain.—P. 87. l. 13.

“And Paul said, I would to God that not only thou, but all that hear me this day, were both, almost, and altogether, such as I am, *except these bonds.*—*Acts*, c. xxvi. v. 29.

And, while he reasons high

Of justice, temperance, and the life to come,

The Judge shrinks trembling at the prisoner's voice.

P. 88. l. 6, 7, 8.

“And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled.”—*Acts*, c. xxiv. v. 25.

Like joining dew-drops on the blushing rose.

P. 101. l. 7.

I have seen the same thought in a recent publication of Mr Southey's; but the above line was written by me about ten years ago, and inserted, very soon after it was written, in the *Kelso Mail*.

I love thee, for thou trustest me.—P. 125. l. 4.

In winter 1798-99 I had several birds for my guests,--- a redbreast, a hedge-sparrow, and a female shilfa. The redbreast remained three or four weeks with me; the other two only a few days, for the severity of the storm relaxed very soon.

Who trade in tortures?—P. 131. l. 9.

“Some refuse sustenance and die. In the ships of Surgeons Falconbridge, Wilson, and Trotter, and of Messrs Millar and Town, are instances of their starving themselves to death. In all these they were compelled, some by whipping, and others by the thumb-screw,* and other means, to take their food; but all punishment was *ineffectual*, they *were determined to die*. In the very act of chastisement, Mr Wilson says, they *have looked up at him*, and said, *with a smile*, ‘*Presently we shall be no more.*’—*Abridgement of the Evidence relative to the Slave Trade*, 13. 14.

* “To show the severity of this punishment, Mr Dove says, that, while two slaves were thumb-screwed, the sweat ran down their faces, and they trembled as under a violent ague fit. Mr Ellison has known them to die, a mortification having taken place in their thumbs, in consequence of these screws.”

*Whose human cargoes carefully are packt,
By rule and square, according to the act !*

P. 131. l. 11. 12.

The act of Parliament, by which a certain space is allotted to each slave, has, no doubt, alleviated the miseries of what is called the middle passage. I doubt, however, if the penalty of L. 30 for each slave, beyond the complement, be a punishment sufficiently severe.

As to the present state of the slaves in the West Indies, and the spirit which pervades the Colonial Assemblies, a pretty accurate notion may be formed from the following extracts of letters from the Governor of Barbadoes :

During the session of Parliament, 1804, the following extract of a letter from Lord Seaforth, the governor of Barbadoes, to Lord Hobart, dated at Barbadoes, the 18th of March, 1802, was laid on the table of the House of Commons. " Your Lordship will observe, in the last day's proceedings of the Assembly, that *the majority of the House had taken considerable offence at a message of mine, recommending an act to be passed, to make the murder of a slave felony. At present, the fine for the crime is only fifteen pounds currency, or ELEVEN POUNDS FOUR SHILLINGS sterling.*"

On the 13th of November, 1804, his Lordship thus writes to Earl Camden : " I inclose four papers, containing, from different quarters, reports on the horrid murders I mentioned in some former letters. *They are selected from a great number, among which there is not one in contradiction of the horrible facts, though several*

of the letters are very concise and defective. The truth is, that nothing has given me more trouble than to get at the bottom of these businesses, *so horribly absurd are the prejudices of the people*. However, a great part of my object is answered, by the alarm my interference has excited, and the attention it has called to the business. Bills are already prepared to make murder felony; *but I fear they will be thrown out for the present in the Assembly*. The Council are unanimous on the side of humanity."

In a subsequent letter, dated the 7th of January, 1805, Lord Seaforth thus writes: "I inclose the Attorney-General's letter to me on the subject of the negroes *so most wantonly murdered*. I am sorry to say, SEVERAL OTHER INSTANCES OF THE SAME BARBARITY have occurred, with which I have not troubled your Lordship, as *I only wished to make you acquainted with the subject in general*."

General Prevost, the governor of Dominica, states, "That the legislature of the island of Dominica is distinguished by the laws it has passed for the encouragement, protection, and government of slaves;" but, he adds, "*I am sorry I cannot say, that they are as religiously observed as you could wish*."

In a subsequent letter, dated the 17th of January, 1805, Governor Prevost thus writes: "The act of the legislature, entitled, 'An Act for the Encouragement, Protection, and better Government of Slaves,' *appears to have been considered, from the day it was passed until this hour, AS A POLITICAL MEASURE, to avert the inter-*

ference of the mother-country in the management of slaves. Having said this, your Lordship will not be surprised to learn, that **CLAUSE SEVENTH OF THAT BILL HAS BEEN WHOLLY NEGLECTED."**

Your COMMONS said, "let such things be."

P. 131. l. 15.

These lines were written in the year 1795, soon after the rejection of the bill introduced by Mr Wilberforce. The late rejection was brought about by a manœuvre of the friends of the *trade*.

GLOSSARY.

Auld, old.

Ablins, perhaps.

Ae, one.

Aften, often.

Bien and *Braw*;--*bien*, separately considered, signifies *snug and comfortable*; but, in conjunction with *braw*, it denotes the union of ornament, or finery, with comfort.

Baith, both.

Bents, barren uplands, declivities.

Blawn, blown.

Birken, birchen.

Blink, a gleam; and hence a space of time as short as a gleam.

Burn, rivulet.

Brae, side of a hill, declivity.

Bield, shelter, harbour, booth.

Callans, boys.

Cannach, a plant that grows on moorish and swampy places, with a leafless stalk, and silky white tuft at the top.

Doure, stern, hard.

Dool, pain, sorrow--*House o' dool*, Infirmary.

Fur, furrow.

Frae, from.

Foggy, mossy.

Fleg, a fright; sometimes erroneously explained, as signifying a kick, or sudden stroke.

Feg, fig.

Fae, foe.

Fechtin, fighting.

Fok, folk.

Glawmry, or *Glammer*, a spell.

Gang, to go.

Guid, good.

Gied, gave.

Glint, to shine.

Gif, *Gin*, if.

Gloamin, twilight.

Gowd, gold.

Gree, prize.

Hey, haste!

Hae, have.

Hamely, homely.

Heartsome, cheerful.

Ilka, each.

Kent, known.

Lyart, grey-haired.

Leukit, looked.

Laigh, low.

Loun, snugly sheltered.

Maist, almost.

Mak, make.

Maun, must.
Mair, more.
Nae, no.
Paidle, to play in the water.
Sae, so.
Shaws, copse woods.
Shielin, a hut, a booth.
Skaith, harm.
Strae, straw.
Swither, to hesitate.
Stoiter, to stagger.
Siller, silver.
Trig, feat, smoothly, neat.
Thole, to endure, bear.
Tint, lost.
Unhalesome, unwholesome.
Wad, would.
Wist, wished.
Whan, when.
Wha, who.
Wa', wall.
Wae, woe.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

Hear, hear.

Hear, more.

Hear, no.

Hear, to hear in the water.

Hear, to.

Hear, to hear words.

Hear, to hear a boat.

Hear, to hear.

Hear, to hear.

Hear, to hear.

Hear, to hear.

Hear, to hear.

Hear, to hear, near.

Hear, to hear, near.

Hear, to hear.

Hear, to hear, near.

Hear, to hear.

Hear, to hear.

Hear, to hear.

Hear, to hear.

Hear, to hear.

Hear, to hear.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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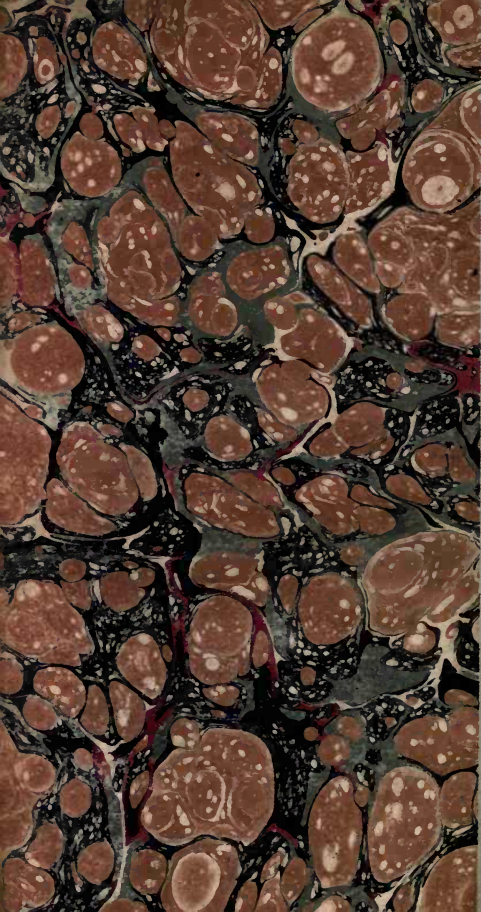












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